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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 40 APRIL 1953 No. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Christ's Visit to the Western Hemisphere Following His Resurrection ..... Delbert L. Stapley 211
The National Council of Women ..... Belle S. Spafford 216
Springville—Utah's Art City ..... Willard Luce 227
Delay Is Dangerous (Cancer Symptoms Require Immediate Attention) 235
Our April Short Story Writers 278

FICTION — SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

The Bitter Cup ..... Angelyn W. Wadley 221
"Our Own" ..... Ruth Moody Ostegar 230
Pot-Head Kettle ..... Velma D. Cloward 241
The Lasting Joys ..... Sylvia Probst Young 249

SERIAL

A Time to Forget — Chapter 10 ..... Fay Tarlock 260

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 236
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 237
Editorial: Spiritualizing Our Homes ..... Velma N. Simonsen 238
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 269
From Near and Far 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Martha Ann Walker Has Made Six Hundred Quilts 240
Easter Bunny Review 246
Gardening at Seven Thousand Feet ..... C. W. McCullough 254
By Early Candlelight — III. A Pioneer Kitchen ..... Bonnie A. Kesler 257
Your Outdoor Living Room ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 264
Recipe for Chocolate Fudge ..... Eva Carter 274
Those Yesterdays ..... Grace M. Candland 276
Bathroom Tricks (Matching Washcloths) ..... Elizabeth Williamson 277

POETRY

"Blind Woman," by Gene Romolo, 215; "If You Would Remember," by Alberta H. Christensen, 220; "April Aspens," by Lizabeth Wall, 226; "Small Girl With a Flower," by Genevieve Groen, 229; "Frock of April," by Ora Lee Parthesius, 229; "Awakening," by Alice Whitson Norton, 229; "Wings of Time," by Marian Schroder Crothers, 239; "April Returns," by Mabel Law Atkinson, 245; "Message," by Zera Wilde Earl, 253; "Our Thanks," by Isadora Price, 256; "For David at Easter," by Ouida Johns Pedersen, 268; "Through a Window," by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 268; "Spring Riddle," by Lydia Bennett Egbert, 275; "Green Interim," by Lael W. Hill, 275; "Communique," by Iris W. Schow, 275; "Night Fashions," by Grace Barker Wilson, 277; "Plea," by Catherine E. Berry, 277; "Day Fades," by Olive McHugh, 279.

THE COVER: Tulips, Photograph by Ward Linton.

FRONTISPIECE: "Christ and the Samaritan Woman," Photograph from a Painting by Carl Bloch, Camera Clix, New York.

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". . . but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14).

Christ's Visit to the Western Hemisphere Following His Resurrection

Elder Delbert L. Stapley
Of the Council of the Twelve

And when they had all gone forth and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying: Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus and did worship him (3 Nephi 11:16-17).

THE Easter season causes us to meditate the great sacrifice of the Son of God, his resurrection to glory, which accomplishes the resurrection of all mankind. The appearance of the resurrected Savior to the Nephites on this continent, following his ascension into heaven with his body of flesh and bone, brought great joy and happiness to the Nephites, also hope and assurance of eternal life. His glorious manifestation, his divine teachings, the great miracles performed, and the visitation of heavenly hosts led to the conversion and complete faithfulness of both Nephites and Lamanites.

The God of heaven provided evidences of the Savior's crucifixion and death with signs, accompanied by powerful destructive forces of nature, in order that his covenant people would know, understand, and never forget the time or events of his infinite sacrifice and atonement. The Lamanite prophet, Samuel, had earlier announced from the walls of Zarahemla the signs which would occur on this the American continent at Christ's death, for which prophecy the wicked sought his life.

The great happenings prophesied of, took place during the three hours the Savior was on the cross—the unforgettable scenes of destruction and sorrow, with darkness continuing for the space of three days. When this period of terror and destruction had ended, all the inhabitants of the land heard the voice of God speaking from the heavens, explaining the reason for the destruction of cities and multitudes of people. Later, the Book of Mormon account records 2500 people were gathered together about the temple in the land of Bountiful discussing the phenomenal changes and signs that had taken place among them, when they again heard a voice from heaven. The voice spoke three times before they determined its source. Then they heard these words, "Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him" (3 Nephi 11:7).

Looking toward the heavens, they beheld a man descending earthward

clothed in a white robe, who presently stood in their midst. The people were amazed and frightened, supposing the heavenly Being to be an angel of God. We can imagine their astonishment and joy when he stretched forth his hand and announced to them this startling information:

> Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world.
>
> And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning (3 Nephi 11:10-11).

What a glorious pronouncement! Here, standing before them in the flesh, was the crucified, resurrected Lord, of whom their prophets had spoken. What a marvelous privilege and blessing for them! They had been promised this visit, for they were part of the other sheep, referred to by the Savior while ministering in Jerusalem, whom he must visit, and who were to hear his voice, that there might be one fold and one shepherd.

THIS glorious appearance of the Savior supports scriptures that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation whosoever serves him in righteousness is accepted of him. This assembled group were faithful people of the Lord, called together by their leader Nephi in anticipation of this honored visit by the Son of God. They were actual individual witnesses of the Lord in his resurrected, glorified state, and thus qualified to bear witness not only among the Nephite and Lamanite people, but also to all people of the world to whom The Book of Mormon testifies. He had such great love for them that he gave them a testimony of himself in such an impressive manner that they would always remember his marvelous appearance with great joy and faith, and be convinced that he was the resurrected Christ, their Redeemer and God. To leave no doubt in their minds he invited them thus:

> Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world (3 Nephi 11:14).

Mormon considered this majestic visit of the Savior important to the sacred record he was abridging to speak from the dust to the Jews and Gentiles of the latter days. The story is beautifully written and given great emphasis. After the Savior's invitation for the people to know for themselves, Mormon records:

> And it came to pass that the multitude went forth, and thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet; and this they did do, going forth one by one until they had all gone forth, and did see with their eyes and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety and did bear record, that it was he, of whom it was written by the prophets, that should come (3 Nephi 11:15).

The testimony of these New World witnesses supports and confirms the New Testament account

of the Savior's crucifixion and resurrection. The privilege of these 2500 people's individual experience of thrusting their hands into his side and feeling the print of the nails in his hands and feet, was added, convincing proof that the holy personage before them was their risen Lord. This same privilege the Lord had previously granted to Thomas, one of his chosen apostles in Jerusalem. Thomas doubted that the risen Lord had visited the Twelve while he was absent from them. Christ gave him convincing proof of his actual resurrection, and then Thomas became a living witness to the world of this great event.

Mormon expresses the exquisite joy of the people who beheld the glorious personage of the Savior by saying:

> And when they had all gone forth and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying: Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him (3 Nephi 11:16-17).

THE effects of this and subsequent visits of the risen Lord resulted in the entire Nephite and Lamanite nation accepting the gospel and being baptized into the Church, and afterwards living together in peace and happiness for many generations. It would seem impossible for any group of people, or nation, to deny the testimony of 2500 individual faithful and devoted witnesses to the appearance of such a glorious and hallowed resurrected personage as the Son of God. In all sacred history no other group has been so favored. In Jerusalem, Christ, following his resurrection and before his final ascension into heaven, appeared to about 500 brethren at once. However, in this the promised land of America, Christ not only appeared this one time but many times, and to multitudes of men, women, and children. His second appearance was to a much larger group than on the occasion of his first visit, for the first group had spread the word generally among the people of Christ's promised visit to them the following day.

After teaching them many things and commissioning Twelve Apostles, he said to the multitude:

> Blessed are ye if ye shall give heed unto the words of these twelve whom I have chosen from among you to minister unto you, and to be your servants; and unto them I have given power that they may baptize you with water; and after that ye are baptized with water, behold, I will baptize you with fire and with the Holy Ghost; therefore blessed are ye if ye shall believe in me and be baptized, after that ye have seen me and know that I am.
>
> And again, more blessed are they who shall believe in your words because that ye shall testify that ye have seen me, and that ye know that I am. Yea, blessed are they who shall believe in your words, and come down into the depths of humility and be baptized, for they shall be visited with fire and with the Holy Ghost, and shall receive a remission of their sins (3 Nephi 12:1, 2).

He perceived their desire for him to heal their sick, even as he had done for the people of Jerusalem. At his request people brought forth their sick, blind, deaf, lepers, or those with withered limbs and, because of their great faith and his compassion for them, he healed all brought to him. He then com-

manded that their little children should be brought unto him and required the multitude to kneel. He also knelt upon the earth with them and prayed so great and marvelous things to the Father that the tongue of man could not speak his words nor could men write them, nor had man heard before so great and marvelous things as the Savior spoke to the Father. The people were overcome with joy and happiness.

THE Savior then took the children one by one and blessed them and prayed unto the Father for them. Then he said to the multitude, "Behold your little ones."

And as they looked to behold they cast their eyes towards heaven, and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about, and they were encircled about with fire; and the angels did minister unto them.

And the multitude did see and hear and bear record; and they know that their record is true for they all of them did see and hear, every man for himself; and they were in number about two thousand and five hundred souls; and they did consist of men, women, and children (3 Nephi 17:24, 25).

The Savior was touched by the great faith of the people, for Mormon observes:

And it came to pass that when Jesus had made an end of praying he came again to the disciples, and said unto them: So great faith have I never seen among all the Jews wherefore I could not show unto them so great miracles, because of their unbelief (3 Nephi 19:35).

Mormon also records the following interesting information of the Lord's teachings and activities among the Nephites:

Therefore, I would that ye should behold that the Lord truly did teach the people, for the space of three days; and after that he did show himself unto them oft, and did break bread oft, and bless it, and give it unto them (3 Nephi 26:13).

And he did expound all things, even from the beginning until the time that he should come in his glory—yea, even all things which should come upon the face of the earth, even until the elements should melt with fervent heat, and the earth should be wrapt together as a scroll, and the heavens and the earth should pass away (3 Nephi 26:3).

When Samuel, the Lamanite prophet, prophesied of the risen Lord's visit to the people of the Western Hemisphere, he announced this glorious event would also take place:

And many graves shall be opened, and shall yield up many of their dead; and many saints shall appear unto many (Helaman 14:25).

With all these great and marvelous things accomplished by the risen, resurrected Lord among the Nephite people, it is no wonder that the fourth book of Nephi records:

And it came to pass that the thirty and fourth year passed away, and also the thirty and fifth, and behold the disciples of Jesus had formed a church of Christ in all the lands round about. And as many as did come unto them, and did truly repent of their sins, were baptized in the name of Jesus; and they did also receive the Holy Ghost.

And it came to pass in the thirty and sixth year, the people were all converted unto the Lord, upon all the face of the land, both Nephites and Lamanites, and there were no contentions and disputa-

tions among them, and every man did deal justly one with another.

And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift.

And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God (4 Nephi 1:1-3, 16).

NEPHI'S powerful and convincing teachings before the fulfillment of the prophecies of Christ's death converted and brought many people into the Church, and prepared them against the destructive elements and convulsive forces of nature, and also prepared them to receive and accept the Savior when he did appear. Because of their faith he performed mighty miracles among them. His kingdom was wholeheartedly received and honored.

It was not so in Jerusalem. He was not accepted there as the Son of God, the Savior of the world, nor did his many appearances among the Jews as the risen, resurrected Lord, produce such a glorious state of faithfulness and devotion as obtained among the Nephites and the Lamanites on this continent. For the multitude of the Nephite people to see the risen Lord often, to hear him speak and pray—such great and marvelous things never before heard by man, and to have the heavens opened to them—must have been impressive and of tremendous moral and spiritual uplift to the people. Of all that was written concerning his visit, Mormon has only given us a small abridgment or account, but how glorious and inspirational it is!

This Easter time the world, if willing to heed the counsel of God through his servants, can find hope, comfort, and faith in the atonement of Christ and also in the actuality of his resurrection, the reuniting of body and spirit. Christ is the first fruits of the resurrection and establishes the pattern for all mankind. One reading Mormon's account of the risen Lord's visit to the Western Hemisphere cannot help but be impressed not only with the beauty of the story, but also with the profound truthfulness of it.

Blind Woman

Gene Romolo

She cannot see the stars . . . her eyes are blind;
The lilting voice of birds, she does not hear.
She cannot sing because her lips are mute,
But from the treasure hidden in her mind
Is penned rare wisdom to diminish fear.
Beyond her curtained eyes her soul must see
The qualities of courage, faith, and cheer,
And loveliness of life's immensity.

The National Council of Women

President Belle S. Spafford

A review of the history of Relief Society leaves one deeply impressed with the foresight, the courage, the judgment, and the progressive action of our early-day leaders. Imbued with the spirit of the gospel, eager to bring about righteousness and the well-being of their fellows, counseled and directed in their activities by the Priesthood, they not only advanced the cause of Relief Society, but they stepped to the fore in such fields as nursing, medicine, industry, and the arts, winning for themselves a place among the noteworthy. They early identified themselves with national movements among women of the United States, foremost of which was the suffrage movement.

The women of Utah, having been granted the right to vote in 1870, and having enjoyed the religious vote from the founding of the Church, had deep-seated feelings with regard to national suffrage. As early as 1879 they sent delegates East to attend a women's convention. From that time Latter-day Saint women regularly attended the national suffrage conventions. In 1888 a council was called at Washington, D. C. by the National Woman's Suffrage Association to represent all nationally organized work by women in this and other lands. Relief Society was represented. This meeting adopted the plan of forming a permanent International Council of Women and a permanent National Council of Women. Three years later, in 1891, at the first triennial meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States, with the advice of President Wilford Woodruff, Relief Society became a charter member of the National Council of Women. This affiliation, entered into by our early-day leaders, has continued through the years, and the society is active today in the affairs of the Council. While national suffrage has long since been won, other worthy causes have held the interest and enlisted the support of the Council, perpetuating it for more than sixty years.

Since its inception, the Council has conducted biennial meetings (except during the war years), to which member organizations have sent delegates. The most recent biennial meeting was held in New York City on October 16, 17, and 18, 1952. President Belle S. Spafford and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen represented Relief Society. At the opening session, Mrs. Helen Evans, Council President, spoke warmly of the Council, its purposes and accomplishments. She expressed a strong faith in its potential for good in the present-day world. She referred to it as a glorious ideal and declared the ideal of organized women uniting for the common good would always persist and prove a mighty bulwark for defense of Christian ideals and the Golden Rule.

The Preamble of the Constitution of the Council, written by its founders in 1888, is the active principle which guides the work today:

We, women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the State, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law.

The 1952 meetings brought together trained, widely-experienced, serious-minded women whose desire to work toward a better world, and whose courage in attacking what they regarded as evil were very evident. A spiritual quality pervaded the meetings. President Spafford gave the opening prayer, and each session thereafter of the three-day meet, including each luncheon session, was begun with prayer.

THE general problems with which the women were concerned were: declining moral standards; the breakdown in home and family life; the lack of religion and fundamental knowledge of truths in the family; the need to strengthen the spiritual life of the nation with less emphasis upon material things; the need for the educational system to be more effective in the training of children; and the failure of society in its responsibility to youth. Problems such as the need for better programs for the aged and the mentally ill were considered. Throughout the entire conference, there was evidence of pronounced concern over the devastating and spreading influence of Communism and the growing strength of Communist women's organizations.

The morning sessions were business sessions at which such matters as the financial program of the Council and its need for more adequate offices were considered. A most enlightening report, showing the wide scope of interests and varied activities of the Council during the preceding two-year period was given by President Evans. Reports were also given by standing committees and member organizations. It was with a deep sense of appreciation for the accomplishments of the sisters of Relief Society that President Spafford reported the work of Relief Society.

Following is the slate of officers elected for the biennium 1952-54:

President—Mrs. Charlotte Leyden
1st Vice-President—Mrs. C. Fred Rau
2d Vice-President—Mrs. Belle Spafford
3d Vice-President—Mrs. Geneva Valentine
4th Vice-President—Miss Helen Estelle
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Helen M. Fowler
Assistant Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Carlos Sandoval
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Luella S. Laudin
Assistant Recording Secretary—Mrs. W. C. Best
Treasurer—Mrs. Bessie Payne
Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. Evelyn Rafter

The first luncheon meeting was addressed by Mr. Laird Archer, Foreign Director of the Near East Foundation in Athens. Mr. Archer made a brilliant analysis of the present situation in Iraq, Iran, Syria, and Turkey.

The second luncheon meeting, conducted by President Spafford, was addressed by Dr. George N. Shuster, President of Hunter College. His subject was "National Issues in a World in Turmoil." He

pointed out that the United States represents one pole of the world, and the other is represented by the Russians. He said this is a time when intellectual freedom is constantly under inspection and interrogation. America needs women to give courage and support to those leading the intellectual hand of this country; women have begun to capture the intellectual leadership and a great deal is expected of them.

The third luncheon meeting honored pioneers of the Council, among them our own beloved former president, Amy Brown Lyman. Mrs. Anita Pollitzer paid tribute to Mrs. Lyman as a distinguished representative of Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and as an able leader in promoting the work of the Council in early days. She cited many facets of the life of Mrs. Lyman, referring to her as a "gifted" woman.

AFTERNOON sessions were in the form of round-table discussions. Eminent authorities participated on the panels.

In the first round-table, "The Defense of Moral and Social Values," the premise was accepted that moral right is that which is true, ethically good and proper and in conformity with Christian moral law. They declared that what was morally right must remain right regardless of changing times and circumstances—right is immutable. They deplored the growing moral lassitude on the part of people generally; the increasing tendency to accept as expedient in public life things we personally condemn in private life, such as slander, graft, dishonesty, and abuse of confidence and trust. They declared that national sensitiveness appears to have been dulled into a calm acceptance of such evils without a seeming awareness of the demoralizing effect upon the nation. There was a feeling that permeating through our entire social strata is a growing disregard for the fundamental virtue of integrity. Sex immorality and the increasing use of narcotics by the youth of the nation evoked a strong plea for preventive measures as well as corrective measures in dealing with these evils.

In the second round-table, "The Defense of Physical and Environmental Values," panel members decided that "social consciousness with well-directed action" seems the way to meet the physical and environmental values in a world in turmoil. Our aging population, the increase in mental health disorders, and other such growing community problems were considered in detail, with concrete examples given of what could and should be done. It was agreed that there is no arbitrary chronological age at which people become old and unfit to work; and a program which would involve persuading employers to give work to people as long as they have productive capacity would be worthwhile. In the field of mental health, "mental parolees" and a program for their benefit were discussed.

It was recognized that housing is a universal problem since the home is the nucleus of good family life. The International Council of Women has already taken a strong stand on this subject. The importance of music, literature, and art in the development of children

and as hobbies for older people, affording opportunity for creation and expression, was brought out forcibly in this round-table.

The third round-table, "The Defense of Socio-Economic Values," was keynoted by Miss Helen Estelle of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, pointing out that "it is not the world that is in turmoil, but the people in it." The challenge to women today is: What can they do as women to stabilize social and economic principles? Social values of the past were contrasted with those of today. It was pointed out that when the nation was young and human beings themselves were the sole instruments of communication, self-reliance was a necessity and teamwork, alone, made it possible for people to obtain the things in which they believed. This in turn demanded good human relations for the common welfare.

The home was related to world human relations. It was the opinion of panel members that no home is good unless its human relations are good. First comes a good husband-and-wife relationship; next, a good parent-and-child relationship. The good home was declared to be the "key" to a good society.

The economic status of the family as it affects its well-being was also considered in this round-table. Women were urged to concern themselves about private and public debt, about taxes, and about "spending binges," particularly of young couples who buy on time payments, thus inviting many problems and creating for themselves many unnecessary difficulties.

THE need for women's organizations in the United States to be alert to propaganda of the European Communist's women's organizations was shown in reports of both standing committees and member organizations. Impressive indeed were the remarks of the representatives of the Free Ukranian Women of the United States and the Free Czechoslovakian Women of the United States, both new member organizations of the Council. Council delegates were given a vivid picture of conditions behind the Iron Curtain. Speakers deplored the fact that in the Twentieth Century women behind the Iron Curtain are subject to terror and slavery that break up homes and violate every fundamental human right. The Council remembered with gratitude and admiration the many years of service and co-operation of the now abolished National Council of Women of Czechoslovakia and other countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Many special courtesies were extended the Relief Society delegates both during and outside meeting hours. That Relief Society is held in high esteem by members of the Council, there is no doubt. That the work of the women of our Church is appreciated is acknowledged without question. Our many years of identification with the Council have brought understanding and friendship. Relief Society women have been able to contribute to the Council and benefit from it. The affiliation entered into by our early-day leaders more than sixty years ago continues today a fruitful association.

Ward Linton

FREESIAS

If You Would Remember

Alberta H. Christensen

Old-fashioned flowers keep love's memories
Too close for comfort, if the heart would fling
Its dreaming to the wind. Around them cling
Forgotten words; a trysting shadow flees
Evasively but leaves its fragrant breath.
So do not near the budding four-o'clocks
Or touch the larkspur bed; the stalwart phlox
Know lovers' vows that should be kept till death.

But if you would remember—bare your grief
Within a garden when the moonflower closes.
Remembrance wakens here where yellow roses
Lift to the wind, with healing past belief;
The laggard pulse will quicken at the sight
Of the sweet-scented freesia, waxen-white!

The Bitter Cup

Angelyn W. Wadley

OUTSIDE, the rain had settled into a dismal gray drizzle. Inside, was warmth and comfort. It was an afternoon when a woman could relax over a good book or a bit of handwork, if she didn't have more pressing duties. But Valerie didn't feel like reading or sewing. She sat by the window, nervously drumming her fingers on the chair arm.

She glanced across the room at her mother, quietly busy over the mending basket. Even her four-year-old daughter Pamela seemed to have accepted the fact of a rainy day, and was happily occupied at her little table. Valerie wondered why, in such a pleasant atmosphere, she felt so irritable and discontented.

She had planned on visiting Suzanne this afternoon and had decided that she would go on the bus—alone. That decision had required a good bit of determination. Perhaps this restlessness was caused by her conscience, lashing at her for her weakness in feeling glad the weather provided such a good excuse to postpone going to see Suzanne.

It was difficult to put a mental finger on the exact reason for her dread of this visit. Was it the effort of getting there, or the emotional strain of seeing someone else in trouble? Or was this shrinking from anything out of her usual routine merely a mental habit developed by staying at home so long? Her friends kept telling her she should get out more, and she resented it. They didn't know what it was like to feel so conspicuously different.

Valerie didn't know quite how, but she felt she could help Suzanne a little. Surely out of her own experience, she should have distilled some essence of philosophy worth sharing with Suzanne.

Suddenly Valerie picked up her crutches and started for her room. Walking was awkward and difficult, with the metal brace on her right leg adding both weight and ungainliness. But by now she could walk well enough to take her reasonable distances.

"I don't see why this little rain should change my plans. I'm going to get ready and catch the next bus," Valerie suddenly resolved aloud.

Her mother looked up, a little startled. "The sidewalk is wet and might be slippery. Wouldn't it be best to wait? I'm sure they won't expect you on such a gloomy day."

"Perhaps, on such a gloomy day, it will do more good for me to go," Valerie answered, but she didn't explain that she was thinking of good for herself, not Suzanne, nor that the gloom she was trying to conquer was not that caused by the weather, but by this growing, gnawing, restlessness inside herself.

Her mother put down her mending and followed to offer any assistance she might need.

"I don't think Suzanne will care particularly about seeing me. I

hardly know her," Valerie explained. "But I'm sure her mother will appreciate my coming, and I've loved Mrs. Montrose ever since I was a little girl and she was my Sunday School teacher."

"My heart aches for both of them," her mother replied. "Please give them my best wishes. Are you sure you don't want me to go with you? We could take Pam."

"Don't worry about me, I'll manage fine. It's high time I began to develop some independence again."

Her mother didn't try further to dissuade her, but a little later, held the door open while she kissed Pam goodbye and started down the path.

At the sidewalk, Valerie turned and waved at the two in the doorway.

Dear Mom, she thought, she's so sweet and understanding. She has so much to do for Dick and Pam and me. I shouldn't burden her further with my blue moods. Why must the things that hurt us, hurt so many other people we love?

* * * * *

VALERIE, with baby Pam, had come home to stay with her mother when Dick had been sent overseas for occupation duty. And then a year later, when he sent for her to bring Pam and join him, she had been in a train accident. She still shuddered as she thought of it. She had been lucky to get out of it with only a crushed leg. Many of the passengers were less fortunate, and she knew she should never complain because little Pamela hadn't been hurt seriously.

Valerie had both longed for and dreaded Dick's homecoming. When he had gone into the army they had both faced the possibility of his being injured, but it had never occurred to either of them that he might come home safe and well, only to find her injured. But he had been wonderful about it, and she frequently thought that anyone blessed with such love and care as she had, should at least keep cheerful.

Nevertheless, it had been a long, slow road from bed to wheel chair, through surgery; finally, a few steps at a time with leg brace and crutches, gradually walking a little more, and a little better.

* * * * *

IT was less than a block to the bus stop, but that seemed a long way now. Yet Valerie felt exhilarated to feel the rain on her face, as she carefully placed her crutches for each step—slowly but surely conquering the distance—conquering more than distance, step by step, triumphantly overcoming the insecurity and helplessness that had held her captive for so long. In almost three years, this was her first venture away from home, alone.

The bus stopped. She handed her crutches up to the driver and pulled herself up the steps. A man on the front seat gently touched her elbow and guided her to his place, and then moved to the back.

Self-consciousness gripped her again. She avoided looking around at the other passengers, lest she see in their faces that mixture of curiosity and sympathy that hurt her so. She sat down and tried to think what she could say to Suzanne.

Valerie hadn't seen Suzanne recently, but she had talked to Mrs. Montrose. It was rheumatic fever,

and the doctors were encouraging about it. There was a good chance of complete recovery, if she would co-operate, but they advised spending a whole year in bed.

To Valerie, now, that didn't seem so bad, but Mrs. Montrose had said that to Suzanne it meant the skies had fallen, and Valerie knew that when she was eighteen, having a wonderful time in her senior year at high school, it would have seemed the same to her.

HALF an hour later, when Mrs. Montrose opened the door in answer to Valerie's ring, she looked surprised.

"Valerie, dear, let me take off your wet things. I didn't dream you'd come on such a day, so I didn't even tell Suzanne. Poor dear! She's so blue."

She led Valerie to the dinette, which had been converted to a bedroom so Suzanne could be with the family and near a front window.

By now, the rain was slanting against the windowpane by the bed as if the very skies were weeping with compassion for Suzanne's tears, which rolled down her white cheeks and soaked into her white pillow.

"Here is Valerie Corwin to see you, dear," Mrs. Montrose said gently.

Suzanne grabbed a tissue and began dabbing at her eyes in embarrassment.

"Don't be ashamed of your tears," Valerie said as she sat down. "Remember, I've spilled my share."

Words of sympathy loosed a fresh torrent, and Suzanne buried her face in her pillow. After awhile she sobbed, "I've already cried bucketfuls, but I'm so discouraged."

"Yes, I know, and discouragement is like a nine-headed dragon. We think we've laid it low and then, when we least expect it, there it rears up to attack us again. But you'll conquer it in time."

"Oh, Valerie, what can I do? A year in bed looks like forever. My class will graduate without me, and all my friends are out having good times while I'm here in bed, just like—like an old lady."

Valerie hardly knew how to answer that. Would it be convincing to say, "I know how you feel"? Could eighteen possible believe that at twenty-six it was still hard to give up dancing and skiing and joining in the fun of your crowd?

Finally she said, "Well, for one thing, you can still pray. But, of course, I needn't suggest that to you." She hadn't intended to say that, and she wasn't prepared for the reply.

"Pray!" Suzanne said angrily. "What's the use? If you get what you want, people say your prayers are answered. If you don't, they say it wasn't supposed to be. There's always an explanation. But I've decided that whatever happens would have happened anyway. What's the use of thinking our prayers can change anything?"

"I did pray awfully hard at first," she continued bitterly. "I was going to have the lead in the school play and they postponed rehearsals when I took sick. I prayed that I'd get better soon, so they wouldn't have to give my part to someone else. Then, when they said I'd have to go to the hospital for some

tests, I prayed that they wouldn't find anything serious the matter—and I meant it, I believed in prayer then, but you can see it didn't do any good. I suppose this shocks you."

"No, I'm not shocked at all," Valerie answered quietly. "There were times when I, too, wondered if my prayers were effective. But I've had more time to think about it now, and I'm developing some new attitudes about prayer. Are you sure yours aren't being answered?"

"WELL, I didn't get what I prayed for. And, Valerie, surely you prayed that you would be able to walk again—I mean without crutches. I'm sorry, I guess I shouldn't have said that."

"That's all right, Suzanne, perhaps some people think I didn't have enough faith, or I wouldn't have had to use these crutches, and maybe that's true. But I might have lost my leg—the doctors were afraid at first. Another thing, a strong, healthy body is important, of course, but so is a healthy spirit, and, surely, we should be grateful for spiritual as for physical blessings." Valerie was a little surprised at her own words, she hadn't thought of it like that before.

"What do you mean?" Suzanne asked.

"This may sound like a sermon, but I'm saying it for myself as well as for you. Do you recall the account in the Bible of the night Jesus spent in the garden of Gethsemane, and of how he prayed aloud saying, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt'? Jesus had known that he would have to die and he understood why. And he had the courage to face suffering without flinching. Why then did he pray, 'if it be possible, let this cup pass'?

"I wonder if he didn't, in that incident, give us one of our most important lessons about prayer. He knew how frequently people like us would cry out to our Father in heaven, 'Please don't let this happen to me! Let the trials pass me by.'

"Surely Jesus knew far better than we, how to pray and what is right to pray for, and we would expect his prayers would be answered. Yet even for him the bitter cup could not pass. But he was blessed with the strength to endure his trial, and remember, he was able to say, 'Thy will be done.' We have to look beyond what happened to him to what his sacrifice did for the world."

Suzanne's tears had stopped now. "Of course, what happened to Jesus had a purpose and was necessary, but I can't see that my being sick can do any good in the world."

"No, that's always hard for us to see, but if we think of our earth life as a schooling and an opportunity for spiritual development, then we can see that the many problems and troubles we face do serve a purpose. They help to mellow our personalities; they make us more understanding and kind, and they motivate great minds to study and do research to try to eliminate some of the causes of sorrow."

"So you think we should pray for endurance. Well, I don't want to be a cheerful invalid. I want to get

up and live like other people," Suzanne answered rebelliously.

"No, I don't mean at all that we should pray only for patience. You and I want—what everyone else wants—happiness. I think we have a right to pray for that whatever our circumstances."

Just then Mrs. Montrose came in carrying a tray. "I've been fixing us some refreshments, but I've listened to your conversation," she said, "and thanks, Valerie, for what you've been saying. It will help me as well as Suzanne."

"I think," Valerie answered, "that I've been trying to give back to Suzanne some of the faith you gave me when you were my teacher." Then she laughed, "I remember, though, how you used to remind us about the works that must go with our faith. I'm sure there are lots of things both Suzanne and I can do to help earn our own happiness, but maybe we'll both have to think more about that."

* * * * *

LATER, on the way home and for the next few days, Valerie did do a great deal more thinking about earning happiness.

She called two of Suzanne's girl friends, and together they planned some things they could ask Suzanne to do at home that would keep her feeling that she was in on the doings of her crowd.

All she needs, Valerie told herself, is to get so busy doing interesting things for others, that she doesn't have time to think about what she's missing. Suddenly she realized that was exactly the prescription for her own troubles, too. She began to wrack her brain for things to suggest that Suzanne could do from her bed that wouldn't be physically taxing, but would really help and be appreciated by someone else. She found every idea she had for Suzanne was something she could very well do herself.

She went to see Suzanne several times in the next few weeks. Then, one day she decided to go to Relief Society with her mother, and was given such a warm, cordial welcome she wondered why she hadn't gone before.

She began going to Church regularly with Dick, and, finally, she even accepted the Sunday School superintendent's request that she help to teach a class.

About five months after her first visit, a much happier, more self-confident Valerie went again to visit Suzanne. Now, it didn't bother her at all to go on the bus by herself. People still looked at her, but she saw the kindness and friendly interest in their faces and she could flash friendly smiles back at them. She felt like saying, "Don't feel sorry for me because of these. My brace and crutches aren't tragic, they're wonderful. They let me get out of a wheelchair and move around independently."

As she rode along, she was thinking about how much better she felt than on that other occasion. With a sudden flash of insight, she knew why.

AT first, she had tried to regard her accident merely as an interruption in her normal way of living. She had clung tenaciously to the hope that faith and determination

were all she needed for complete recovery. Then, when gradually, but finally, she had realized that this was not an interlude but a permanent state, there had been a period of rebellion when she had tried to build a wall around herself to protect her feelings from more bruises.

Now she could see that since her first visit to Suzanne, she had taken another important step toward happiness. She had learned not to shut people out of her life, and she had found something in herself to give in return. It was as if she had been wandering alone through a desolate land, but had at last again found the clearly marked road to happiness.

When she reached the Montrose home, she found Suzanne busy painting place cards for a banquet. She was jubilant over her doctor's last report. She was improving faster than he had expected, and he said her co-operation and fine acceptance of her restrictions were factors in restoring her health.

"I was so blue that first day you came," Suzanne remembered, "I thought I'd never be happy again. But you've helped me so much."

"No, it's the other way about, you have helped me," Valerie answered. "Physically I was recovered enough to begin crawling out of my cocoon—that comfortable protective shell I had woven of isolation and self-concern. But I hadn't been able to push myself into doing it, until that day I made myself think you needed me."

"I did need you, but I didn't know then, what I needed," Suzanne replied.

"I guess there are lots of ways for people to help each other, but you have helped me to learn a very important truth," Valerie said quietly. "If we can accept the adversities that come to us in this life with a good grace and undaunted faith —if we can pick up the cup and say, 'Thy will be done,' I believe we'll find it's only bitter on the top. Underneath, there is a sweetness we would never otherwise have known."

April Aspens

Lizabeth Wall

When any April sings across the land,
Let me be near enough to seek a place
Upon a hill where slender aspens stand,
Like dryads dressed in green and silver lace.
It is a magic time to keep a tryst
When April comes, for dancing dryads wear
The fragile sunlight on them, pale as mist,
The thin, sweet winds of heaven in their hair.

And where the pallid breath of winter lay,
I shall find tendrils quickening and curled.
Oh, never let me be too far away,
When spring is waking in a wooded world,
To journey high above the town until
I, too, become a dryad on a hill!

Springville—Utah's Art City

Willard Luce

IF you are an art lover touring Utah during April, the Springville Art Exhibit will be a must on your list. And even if you don't get there in April, Springville and the Springville High School Art Gallery will add greatly to the pleasure of your visit.

Known as the Art City, Springville is located in the central part of the State, between the lofty, rugged Wasatch Mountains and the tranquil, blue waters of Utah Lake. It's like a hub with U. S. Highways 6, 50, 91, 89, and 189 converging on it from all directions. To the east are the mountains with their cool trout streams and canyon picnic spots. To the west there is boating on Utah Lake and beyond it the historic mining towns of Eureka, Mercur, and Ophir. To the north is a State and a Federal fish and game hatchery, Timpanogos

Willard Luce

THE SPRINGVILLE ART BUILDING

This building, completed in 1937, contains five galleries and houses the permanent art exhibit valued at half a million dollars.

Willard Luce

ONE OF THE GALLERIES IN THE SPRINGVILLE ART BUILDING

Cave, and Salt Lake City. To the south, the vast area of Southern Utah's scenic national parks.

Springville itself is a quiet town, with wide streets, a restful park, beautiful homes and gardens. Cool, crystal water bubbles from its drinking fountains; and it boasts the greatest concentration of road contractors in the world.

But it's the annual Springville Art Exhibit of which it is most proud!

Each spring, as the leaves come back to the trees and living things commence stirring in the soil, the exhibit attracts an average of 50,000 visitors. The country's most prominent artists, as well as many from abroad, send paintings to be hung. And each year the Springville Art Association purchases additional paintings from the exhibit to add to its already outstanding collection. This collection, which is hung permanently in one of the downstairs galleries of the Art Building, contains over 450 pieces of art valued at half a million dollars. Besides representing the works of outstanding contemporary artists, the collection contains pieces by such old masters as Gainsborough, Turner, Monticelli, and others.

THE annual April exhibit and the Springville High School Gallery are rated as equal to or better than any others west of the Mississippi.

Springville has also produced outstanding artists and sculptors. Most noted, perhaps, is Springville-born Cyrus E. Dallin. As a child, Dallin was small and shy, and often ran away from school to model in the native clays along the shores of nearby Utah Lake. Fortunately he had a wise and understanding teacher, wise and understanding enough to bring both Dallin and his clay back into the schoolroom. In this way Dallin continued his sculpturing and education at the same time.

In the Springville park is Dallin's *Pioneer Mother*. Atop the Latter-day Saint Temple in Salt Lake City

is his statue of the *Angel Moroni*. At the intersection of South Temple and Main Streets in Salt Lake City stands his *Brigham Young Monument*. In the rotunda of the State Capitol Building and on Coles Hill overlooking Plymouth Bay are the plaster and bronze figures of *Massasoit*. In an 1882 competition with America's finest sculptors, Dallin was commissioned to execuate a statue of Paul Revere. Fifty-eight years later, January 1940, the commission was finally approved by the city council of Boston. The original model can still be seen in the Springville Gallery.

John Hafen, one of Utah's outstanding painters, was reared in Springville. It was a gift of one of Hafen's paintings to the Springville High School which started the movement among the students that has grown into the annual exhibit. Until 1937, the exhibit was held in the regular high school building. At that time the Works Progress Administration co-operated with the school district and civic agencies in constructing the Art Building, which has five galleries and houses the permanent collection.

This permanent collection can be seen during the annual exhibit and throughout the summer without charge.

Small Girl With a Flower

Genevieve Groen

The yellow of the curled petal
Matches the twining tendrils of her hair.
The gold of their twin-shining,
Repeats the sun-warm perfection of the air.

The leaf and stem are green-envy
For the sky-color of her wondering eyes,
When she finds the scented hilltop
Where the heaven-designed daffodil lies.

The mated softness of cheek and blossom
Becomes a born-belonging no thought can undo,
When her small nose presses gently,
And one innocent kiss of fragrance weds the two.

Frock of April

Ora Lee Parthesius

A teen-age girl comes running,
Frocked in green-leaf lace,
With a rainbow in each raindrop
Upon her April face.

Awakening

Alice Whitson Norton

April tapped upon my window
With a spear of silver rain,
And suddenly I realized—
To man and mountain, earth and skies,
Springtime had come again.

"Our Own"

Ruth Moody Ostegar

THE house would never be called a "vine-covered cottage." It was a rock house, big, old, ugly, tired, and a little shabby. Yet it was a proud house, for had it not been the first permanent residence in all the little Idaho valley? And had it not weathered the storms, the torrential rains, the devastating winds, the heavy blankets of snow for almost one hundred years? Nor could the lady within be called "a sweet, little, old lady." Grandma Neal was tall, homely, angular, serious, and old. Yet there was a competent look about her, for all of her almost eighty years, a look of understanding, comfort, efficiency, and the lines of her face proclaimed that she had loved deeply, known sorrow, work, hardships, faith, and had met the storms of life bravely and well.

Today she sat rocking slowly back and forth. Her gray dress was, as usual, topped with a neat kitchen apron tied firmly about the waist. Her white hair was, as usual, wound into a bun on the top of her head, with three small combs holding up the ends, one here, and here, and here, just so.

But there was something unusual about Grandma—her hands were idle, and her mouth was drawn into a straight, determined line. She seemed to be pondering over some important decision.

So intent was she on her problem that she failed to see Mabel Harris, her next-door neighbor, coming up the walk, and was really startled as she heard the rap on her door.

"Come in!" she called as she started to rise, and Mabel's smiling face came around the opening door.

"Hello, Grandma! How are you today?"

"Oh, I feel pretty good, thank you."

"I've got a letter for you."

"Hm-m, I was afraid of that."

"Jake sent it over," Mabel explained as she handed it to the old lady and seated herself. "He said you get so little mail nowadays that you almost never call for it, and he thought this might be something important."

"It's from Effie, my niece who lives down in Salt Lake. As soon as this cold snap came on, I said to myself, 'Sarah Neal, you'll be getting a letter from Effie one of these days.' "

She opened the envelope and quickly perused its contents. "She says she's going to take me down to Salt Lake City again for the winter. She's coming tomorrow." A worried sigh escaped her lips, as she laid the letter on her lap.

"Well that's right nice of her, isn't it?"

"Maybe so, but I don't want to go."

"Why not, Grandma? You enjoyed the two months you spent there last winter," and, as she saw the frown on Grandma's face deepen, she added, "Didn't you?"

"NO!" Emphatically came the decisive answer.

"Why not, for goodness sake? I wish I could go down there for a few months, where they have steam heat and all those conveniences."

"Well, when a body gets as old as I am, it isn't easy to make new friends, learn new ways, and—and all. Old people like to stay at home. Besides, there's nothing for me to do down there."

"Now, Grandma, I'd just like to see you with nothing to do for a change. I'll bet Effie leaves half the housework for you. Or, perhaps I should say, you just take it over."

"No, that's just the trouble, she won't let me do anything! Why, you know, when I first went down there, she wasn't even going to let me make my own bed. She said something about mitered corners, or some such folderol. But I put my foot down. I said, 'Listen, Effie, I make my own bed! Do you understand?' And that was that."

"Well, after all," said Mabel, smiling, "you've waited on people all your life, why shouldn't you be waited on once in a while?"

"But I don't want to feel that I'm not needed, that there's nothing left for me to live for. Oh, I appreciate her good intentions, but I just feel that I'm in the way and a burden rather than a help. I don't want to live any more when I come to the time that I'm just a nuisance to folks."

"Now, Grandma, you'll never be a nuisance to anyone, I'm sure of that. But don't you really think its the sensible thing to do? After all, a woman almost eighty years old can't be left alone all winter."

"But I'm—I'm not alone. I've got all—all these . . . ."

The arc inscribed by Grandma Neal's hands seemed to include her friends and neighbors, the old house, the graves in the cemetery on the hill, and all her memories back over the years.

"Perhaps you're right, Grandma." Mabel was serious now. "I'll have to see if I can think of something." She arose. "Well, I've got to run along, my ironing is waiting for me. I'll see you before Effie comes. Goodbye, now."

After a light luncheon at which she toyed with her food and stared gloomily off into space, Mrs. Neal tried to rest, as was her wont to do, for, "I'm just not so young as I once was," she told herself. But as soon as she closed her eyes, visions of Salt Lake City's cold, unfamiliar streets haunted her. She turned over and tried to think of something nice, like — like Christmas, or something; but, at once her thoughts strayed to an unfamiliar Christmas in the big city, and she remembered how homesick and lonesome she had been for old familiar faces and friends.

Finally, after a few moments of uneasy restlessness, she arose and chided herself, "When a body gets as old as you are, Sarah Neal, she should have learned long ago that there are lots of things you have to do in this world that you don't like. So you just as well climb those stairs first as last, and get the old suitcase down and get to packing."

Slowly she ascended the steep, railless stairway, aiding herself by pushing with her hand flat against the wall, and resting every few

steps. She rarely saw this upper section of the house now, as the climb was almost too much for her, and, breathing heavily, she sank into a chair by the window. At once her attention was attracted by the Harris car which was just leaving.

Now that's queer, she thought, Mabel said as how she was going to iron this afternoon. I wonder where she's headed for, not for town, she added, as her neighbor took the road to the right. My, my! I hope there isn't anyone sick! Perhaps it's just some Relief Society business she has to see Bishop Landguard or her counselor, Tillie Raymond, about. Mabel's a mighty good Relief Society president, and folks love her, which is her just desserts. Then, with a sigh, she thought, I guess there isn't anyone I'm going to miss so much as Mabel.

WHEN the car was out of sight, Grandma gazed at the mountains, those "everlasting hills" which had always brought her strength and courage. The trees, the rocks, the streams, the canyons, she knew them all, and each poured golden memories into the deep coffers of her heart. A tear was in her eye, and she brushed it hastily away with the back of her hand, for she always built up an armor around her true feelings with the words, "I'm just not the crying type."

Her reverie was broken by another car which, this time, stopped at her gate. Slowly she arose, and when the knock sounded at her door, she called down the stairway. Her unheard "Come in" was not necessary, however, for Helen Summerfield was already pushing the door open and asking, "Are you here, Grandma?"

"Come in. I'm up here. I'll be down in just a minute, as soon as I can get this old suitcase down the stairs."

"Let me help you," Helen volunteered, and quickly running up, she took the ancient, leather suitcase, with its long straps, which Mrs. Neal was trying to get down from the shelf. Then, carrying it in one hand, she lovingly helped the old lady down with the other.

"You're not going to leave us are you, Grandma?" she asked, when they were once more in the sitting room.

"Well I'm not right certain, but one thing I do know, I'm not going because I want to."

"I hope not. I could never be second counselor in Relief Society without you."

"I saw that you had the children in the car. Want me to mind them for you, while you go teaching?" she hastened to change the subject.

"Not teaching today, Grandma. Mabel phoned me to meet her at Raymond's. She's got something important to discuss that won't wait." Then she continued, "The baby is asleep, and the two little girls should take a nap. I hope they won't be a burden to you."

"Since when have these youngsters been a burden to me? I'll be glad to keep them. Makes me feel like I'm some use around here."

Helen went back to the car and returned with a basket which held her sleeping infant. She was followed by two little girls, holding hands.

"May we stay with you, Grandma? May we?" the older girl asked.

"You surely may, and I have a cookie for two little girls who'll promise to go in, climb up on the bed, and go right to sleep."

When the children were at rest, Mrs. Neal began to lay out the things which would be necessary for her to pack. But her heart wasn't in it, and once again she sat down, slowly rocking back and forth.

Now, if I just put my foot down, I'll bet Effie nor anyone else couldn't get me away from here, she said to herself, as she again drew her mouth into the straight, stubborn line. But a moment or two later she relaxed with a sigh.

Once more her thoughts were disturbed by a knock on the door, and, to her usual salutation, little Johnny Crawford came into the room, with a package in his hands.

"HERE'S some spareribs for you, Grandma. Mom sent them, and she wants to know if she can have your recipe for Christmas fruitcake. She says you gave it to her once, but she can't find it."

"Thanks a lot," Grandma answered, as she took the outstretched package, "and would you like a cookie or two while I write out the recipe for you?"

"Oh, sure, Grandma, thanks. You make the best cookies in town." After a moment he asked, more slowly, "Grandma, you aren't going down to Utah when that Effie woman comes tomorrow, are you?"

"Mercy me! News gets around fast, doesn't it?"

"My Mom, when she heard about it, she said, 'It's a shame, that's what it is, to drag that old lady way off down to Utah when she doesn't want to go,' and Dad said, 'It isn't right, we've got to do something about it.' "

"Hm-m," Grandma mused to herself. "Mabel said she was going to try to think of something. I just wonder what she's up to," and for a moment her spirits soared. "But I guess there's just nothing she can do. There isn't anything anyone can do."

That night when Mrs. Neal was ready for bed, she looked out at the lights twinkling in the little town, each one a warm, friendly glow, where she knew she had friends. Could this be my last night? Will I ever stand here in the evening and see them again? she wondered. Then, with heavy heart, she prayed: "Oh, Father, I have always tried to withstand the trials of life bravely. If this be another trial I'll do my best, but, oh, Father, if there's any way out, I don't want to go." She remained kneeling for a few moments, then calmly arose and climbed into bed, mumbling, "I can be brave if I have to be. God will help me somehow."

Effie arrived shortly before noon the next day. "I hope you're all ready, Aunt Sarah," she said. "I want to get back as early as possible this afternoon."

"There's my bag," answered Mrs. Neal, pointing to the old suitcase now piled full. "But we must have a bite to eat first. It'll only take a minute. I have everything nearly ready."

Grandma was perfectly calm. Mabel had said she'd see her before Effie came, but she'd driven off a

while ago without even saying goodbye. Probably forgot all about me, Grandma thought. Still she looked down the street. It wasn't like Mabel to do that. It wasn't like her at all. Could something happen to save her yet?

Slowly she walked to the kitchen and had scarcely begun preparations for lunch when she heard Effie's voice.

"WELL, it looks like you're going to have company, Aunt Sarah, here comes a group of your friends to tell you goodbye."

Although outwardly calm, Grandma Neal's eyes shone as she quickly wiped her hands on her apron and hastened to open the door. Her heart beat rapidly, until she could scarcely speak. But she was surprised when she saw the large group at the door. There were Mabel, the bishop, and many others; lastly came little Johnny Crawford, representing the deacons.

"Come right in, come right in," she greeted them. "My, isn't it right nice and thoughtful of you all to come and see me before I go away?"

"But you're not going away, Grandma. That's what we came to tell you. We've decided we need you here with us this winter." Mabel's face was wreathed in smiles as she broke the good news.

Then the bishop began, "That's right, we've got everything figured out. We're going to take just as good care of you here as Effie could in Salt Lake. Make it sort of a ward project to see to it that Grandma Neal is the happiest old lady in Idaho this winter." Then to Effie, "You know Grandma gets kind of homesick down there."

"Well, that's very kind of you, I'm sure," Effie answered. "But, after all, Aunt Sarah is my relative, not yours, and its my duty to look after her."

Grandma's spirits fell. Effie was a very determined woman.

"I don't know about that, Effie," Bishop Landguard was just as determined. "There are a few things that I don't think you realize. You know the Neals had two little girls who died in infancy, and were buried up on the hill. Later, they had a son, Richard, who meant more to them than life itself. When he was killed in the war, the light went out for them, but they never faltered. With open arms, they adopted the entire town. When anyone, rich, poor, young or old, was sick, in need or in trouble, there you'd find the Neals. They helped the old and widowed . . . ."

"I'll say they did," John Crawford broke in. "When I was a kid I used to work for Grandpa Neal, and you know what he did? Every spring he used to send me around with a little pig for each widow, then, in the fall he made me go around and butcher them all."

Everyone laughed.

"NO one will ever know," the Bishop resumed, "how much good they did, how many young men and women they helped on missions or through college, or how many people they guided, helped, or comforted over the rough spots of life. And, Grandma, I'll bet there isn't a home in this town where she hasn't nursed someone!"

"She nursed me through double pneumonia," said Tillie Raymond.

"She took care of my poor old mother for months when she was so sick before she died," another contributed.

"And I'll never forget the summer my mother fell off the ladder and broke her leg," Mabel took up the narrative. "We children were all standing around crying, scared to death. We felt it an awful calamity, and didn't know what to do. Then we saw Grandma Neal coming in at the gate, and we knew that everything would be all right. And it was, too! She got the doctor in no time, got mother into bed, and looked after us all and cared for us all summer."

"So you see, Effie," the bishop spoke again, "we all owe Grandma a debt of gratitude we can never repay. But we're not doing this because we owe her a debt, you understand. We love Grandmother Neal, and need her to cheer, help, and advise us. And, after all, does she not belong to us?"

"Well," Effie slowly consented, "if you really feel that way about it . . . ."

"Oh, we do, we do!" several voices chimed in.

"Then I guess it's all settled. You'll stay here this winter, Grandma!" and Mabel threw both arms around the old lady and hugged her joyfully.

"Mercy me!" The tears were frankly running down her face. "I never heard so many good things. For a minute I just wondered if I was listening in at my own funeral," and Grandma Neal sighed happily.

Delay Is Dangerous

CANCER SYMPTOMS REQUIRE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

Information Furnished by the American Cancer Society

YEAR after year, progress is made towards bringing the number of people saved from cancer death more nearly up to the medical potential. Yet the problem of getting people to their doctors for prompt diagnosis and treatment still remains a formidable one. Our year-round educational program strives to create a knowledge of cancer so complete and well-founded that, by heeding danger signals and through regular examinations, the stricken will seek medical attention in time. Some of the objectives of the American Cancer Society are:

1. To urge every man and particularly those over 45 to have a chest X-ray periodically, to arrest the alarming increase of lung cancer in men.

2. To instruct women in the lifesaving technique of breast self-examination, to avert the tragedy of unnecessary deaths from breast cancer.

3. To teach the seven danger signals of cancer to all Americans and help them safeguard against dangerous delay.

An all-out effort by all of us will help direct the curve of cancer deaths downward.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE UTAH ROOM AT THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS IN CHICAGO: Fine needle work is a most beautiful art, and how forcibly this thought is brought to mind while gazing at the many articles the women of Utah have been preparing for their room in the Utah building in Chicago. It would take a great many pages to describe them all, for there are so many lunch cloths, doilies, and scarfs in exquisite drawn work, there are so many pieces of rich and rare embroidery, there are such wonderful combinations of historic silks made into beautiful spreads. . . . One can scarcely imagine anything more exquisite than the pale cream silk curtains embroidered in sego lilies, under which all who visit the Woman's Building will pass, and imagine the surprise, when told that they are made of Utah silk.—Editorial

OUR CHILDREN: Our Father's words and works are for the "immortality and eternal life of man." Man is the child of God, partaking of his spiritual and eternal nature, and how fearful the responsibility of those to whom they are entrusted for their education and development; that they may be able to dwell in His presence and abide in His glory. All such will have power to do for their children, what God the Father has done for His. The consummation of sublimest thought—of heaven's grand design.

—S. W. Richards

IN THE VALLEY OF THE TEMPLE

In the valley of the Temple
Where God's works in beauty gleam,
From the snow-capped peak or meadow,
Rose-blown hedge or rippling stream. . . .

In the music of the temple
Swelling sweet with power and praise,
Came a thought of joys unmeasured
That we knew in other days. . . .

OPINIONS ABOUT NAMES: There is always a greater pleasure to me in seeing a letter bearing my husband's name than those which come simply addressed to ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

One thing is certain: personally I always prefer to have letters addressed to me as, MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER. —Selected

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES: My first babe was born the 7th day of July 1848. Through my illness (which was protracted) I had no bread; for the last few days I had managed to make a pancake, but I had got to the last ounce of flour. The midwife kindly brought me a piece of bread. . . . On Monday the 10th my husband went early in the morning, sickle in hand, cut a little wheat here and there where it had ripened, threshed it with a flail, and wagon cover, took it on his shoulder to Brother Neff's mill, had it ground, brought it home, had a big loaf baked in a bake kettle, and the whole family sat down to dinner in the room where I was, so that I might enjoy it with them. Just think what a feast! —Gatha

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

NAOMI SAUNDERS FARR and MELBA JUNE EGBERT sang the soprano and contralto roles, respectively, in Dr. Leroy J. Robertson's "Oratorio From The Book of Mormon," whose world premier was held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, in February 1953. The oratorio, with combined choruses and the Utah Symphony Orchestra, was conducted by Maurice Abravanel. The music is hailed as a work of true genius and inspiration. Mrs. Farr has studied in Paris, where she often took part in Latter-day Saint Church functions, and is singing leading roles in University of Utah musical productions. Miss Egbert will be graduated from the University of Utah this June and has sung roles with the Utah Opera Theater.

MRS. J. K. (ANNA THOMAS) PIERCEY died recently in Salt Lake City at the age of eighty-six years. She was the author of the bills in the Utah legislature which gave women the right to sit on juries, and brought about the eight-hour law for women.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Matilda Huish, ninety-eight, of Spring Lake, Utah; Edith Simons Steadman of West Jordan, Utah, ninety-two; Sarah Smith Boren, Salt Lake City, and Emma J. Jesperson, Duchesne, Utah, ninety-one; and Amelia O. Cushing of Sandy, Utah, and Matilda Stowel Butler of Salt Lake City, both ninety.

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, playwright, who has served two terms as Congresswoman from Connecticut, has been appointed Ambassador to Italy by President Eisenhower. Mrs. Luce, wife of Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* magazines, has long been active in politics.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN, Mesa, Arizona, dearly loved Latter-day Saint poet and song writer, has been commissioned to write the libretto of the pageant for the Diamond Jubilee of Mesa, Arizona.

MISS JENNIE CAMPBELL has been appointed associate professor of elementary education at the Brigham Young University, Provo. She was formerly international president of Childhood Education.

RUTH PAINTER RANDALL has written a biography of Mary Lincoln, which has been acclaimed by historians and literary critics as an excellent piece of research, beautifully written. The publishers are Little, Brown and Company of Boston.

EDITORIAL

VOL 40 APRIL 1953 NO. 4

Spiritualizing Our Homes

". . . having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father . . ." (I Nephi 1:1).

HOW much which went into making Nephi what he was, was born in him; how much was put into him by his teachings and environment? No one can answer this question definitely, but certainly we have enough data to indicate that environment is important. Children accept in early years family standards, tastes, vocabulary, and emotional responses.

The world in which our children are growing up is a disturbed and confused one with its changing social and moral conditions, its unrest, its wars, and bloodshed. Since the children of today become the citizens of tomorrow, in whose hands our nation will go on, and since what a child becomes is determined so largely by his home environment, Latter-day Saint parents must analyze the cause of the world's condition and make a greater effort than ever before to create a home environment that will counterbalance the world's condition, and which will develop true Latter-day Saint citizens.

Thinkers in all walks of life tell us that the world's troubles result from our material progress outstripping our spiritual development, which has thrown us off balance. Woodrow Wilson said: "If the world does not revive spiritually it cannot survive materially." As home is the cornerstone of every civilization, parents must create homes where virtue, morality, and spirituality are lived and taught.

What are some of the things we can do to create such homes? Certainly the first step is for parents to set the proper example. This yields more influence than all the preaching that may be done, and is the greatest assurance parents have that their children will grow into upright citizens.

If parents will continually set before their children examples worthy of their imitation and the approval of our Father in Heaven, they will turn the current, and the tide of feelings of their children, and they eventually will desire righteousness more than evil (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 322).

We must be convinced that spirituality in the home is a primary thing to be desired and sought after. We must lead emphasis away from the thought that money and the possession of material things will lead to happiness. How many times have we heard children say, "The Smiths have a television set. Why can't we have one?"

Wanting more goods and services than our money can buy, leads to insecurity. How many times have we heard a parent say, "I want my son to get a job that will pay big money?" Oh, how wrong!

Parents must stress the spiritual activities in the home. All members of the family, regardless of the age, should unite in prayer both morn-

ing and night, thus teaching them the necessity of constant communication with their Father in heaven which will inculcate into their hearts a love of him and a faith in his word. This will bring a desire to know and to live his word.

In order for them to do this, every Latter-day Saint home should be supplied with the books of the Lord: the Bible, The Book of Mormon, The Doctrine and Covenants, and The Pearl of Great Price. In addition, there should be available the writings of inspired men. Children should be encouraged to read from these books.

Much concern has been expressed over the low taste in reading many children are developing through reading the flood of trashy periodicals and so-called "funny" books that are so widely sold. The reading of such material can be obviated by home guidance in the proper selection of reading material. We want our children to know and associate with the "best people." They may do this through the reading of good literature.

Our recreation and pleasures, the music to which we listen, the dramas, the radio, and television programs which we enjoy, and the people whom we invite into our homes should be an index by which the world would judge us as true Latter-day Saints.

We must set the example by loving the Lord, one another, and our neighbors. Let no evil word be spoken in the home against anyone. Especially should we refrain from any criticism of Church authorities. The members of our families should radiate harmony and love within the walls of our homes, whether they be mansions or humble cottages.

Men and women developed in such an environment may usually be counted on to be substantial citizens, radiating harmony and love among their fellow men and their community, their state, their nation, and their world. Let us build true Latter-day Saint homes, carrying forward the proper example and program of instruction. Then will our homes be a light and an ensign to the world, then will our children declare: ". . . having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father . . ." (I Nephi 1:1).

—V. N. S.

Wings of Time

Marian Schroder Crothers

Across the wide and undulating field,
Came myriad voices of the grass,
Loud in the immeasurable loneliness
Of earth and sky.
With hands firm-gripped to guide the plow,
He watched the sod yield,
And the rich, black earth appear,
The grass recoiling from the searching blade.
Sweet on the wind, came song of meadow lark, sublime,
In awed humility he stood at furrow's end,
And heard the beating of the wings of time.

Photograph courtesy Don Blair

MARTHA ANN EYRE WALKER, MURRAY, UTAH

Martha Ann Walker Has Made Six Hundred Quilts

Martha Ann Eyre Walker, eighty-two, has made at least six hundred quilts. These quilts have been made in nearly all the well-known patterns, as well as in intricate and difficult designs. Some of her recent quilts are appliqued in delicate patterns and lovely colors. An exacting "stitcher," Mrs. Walker takes great pride in the handwork displayed in her quilting and in the bindings as well.

As a child in Minersville, Beaver County, Utah, Martha Ann carried water a half block to fill a forty-gallon barrel each day to supply the stagecoach station. She gleaned in the fields, performed all kinds of household tasks, and at the age of sixteen became a schoolteacher. Many years of her life were spent as a practical nurse in the care of the sick. She is the mother of eight children, grandmother to sixteen, great-grandmother to thirty-seven, and great-great-grandmother to ten.

For sixty-four years she has been a member of Relief Society, serving faithfully in many capacities and holding every office from visiting teacher to ward president. For the past twenty-five years she has served on the sewing committee of the Murray First Ward, and for the past fifteen years has been chairman of the sewing and quilting committee. For many years she has made fifteen or more quilts a year, as well as making many aprons and assisting in welfare sewing.

Pot-Head Kettle

Velma D. Cloward

WHEN Aunt Minnie came into the room with a great armfull of bright colored asters, Granny pulled herself up in the bed, twisting the corners of her mouth up into a tight pucker at the twitches of pain the movement caused her. Aunt Minnie dropped the flowers in a heap that looked like curly clouds on the table beside the bed. Holding Granny's frail shoulders with one hand, she skillfully adjusted the pillows behind her back with the other. Granny lay back against their soft comfort with a sigh, the lines of pain around her mouth smoothing out into a smile.

"Land of Goshen, Minnie, did you bring the entire border of asters?" she asked, nodding at the flowers on the table.

"Not quite," Aunt Minnie smiled. "There are a lot more asters in that border. It is lovely this year."

"Ann," Granny said, turning her head on the pillow so that she could see me, "run and see if you can find something large enough to hold this fine bouquet. Look in the attic, there may be a vase or a bowl."

As I went out of the door, I heard her say, "You raise the most gorgeous flowers, Minnie. You surely have a green thumb, which reminds me of a woman I knew when I lived back in England . . . ."

I knew Granny was going to tell one of her wonderful stories, and I loved her stories, especially the ones she told about the early days in Utah. Granny had come to Utah with one of the handcart companies.

I stopped on the stairs to listen, but Granny had a quick ear still, and she called, "Ann! Are you going after that vase?"

"I am going," I called, dragging my feet slowly up the stairs. I was still wondering about the woman with the green thumb, when I found the brass kettle. It, too, was green with age. It was the only thing I could see large enough to hold the asters. I picked it up and rubbed its side with the corner of my pinafore. There was a bright shining streak where the green tarnish had rubbed off, a streak that looked almost like gold.

Just like Aladdin's lamp, I thought.

Getting some old rags, I began to polish the kettle, but the tarnish was heavy, and it was a hard job, so I decided to take it down to the kitchen sink and use the metal polish. I knew what kettle it was, and how much store Granny set by it. I decided to shine it into a gleaming ball and surprise her. I became so interested in bringing out the golden lights and soft, carved designs along the ridged top that I forgot my hurry to get back and hear about the woman with the green thumb. I was sure if Granny was pleased with the scouring job, she would tell me the story of the brass kettle again. Though I had heard it so

often I could almost repeat it word for word, I loved to hear Granny tell it. Her face would light up and look almost young, and she made me feel as if I were right there listening to that Indian sliding slowly up over the dirt roof.

WHEN I took the gleaming kettle into Granny's room, she raised straight up and looked at it in a most loving way. Her mouth twitched, and there was moisture in her eyes when she lay back on the pillows.

I sat very still, waiting. When Granny started remembering, she usually had to share that memory, that was what made Granny so much fun to care for. It was just like hearing a story from a book, like the "Knights of the Round Table," and, to me in this modern age, almost as unbelievable.

Granny lay there so long and so still, I just about decided she was asleep. Aunt Minnie stood putting the asters, one at a time, into the kettle, stepping back each time to survey her work. I wished Granny would wake up and start talking before the last flowers were put in place. There were just five more left, and I knew that when they were in the kettle, Aunt Minnie would look over at Granny and put her finger to her lips for silence, and we would have to tiptoe out of the room. There were, finally, three flowers, then two, and then, just as Aunt Minnie was placing the last flower in the kettle, Granny opened her eyes and smiled.

"Beautiful and just as bright as the day I first saw it there among a lot of black pots and pans. That was the very day I married your grandfather, and the day after the handcart company arrived in Salt Lake City," she said.

I relaxed and gave a sigh of relief, I was going to hear my favorite story again.

* * * * *

I met William when he came back East with a wagon train to meet the handcart company. I had walked a long way and took my turn pushing a handcart, which held all of our earthly belongings. We were surely glad to see that wagon train sent out by President Young to meet us. Among the drivers was a tall, shy young man, with snapping black eyes. I fell in love with him right away. It took me some time to make him notice me, but I did, and before we reached Salt Lake he had popped the question, and needless to say, I accepted. We were married the day after we arrived in Utah. William's people had settled in Cedar City, so we began loading our wagon right away with provisions and staple goods to take with us South.

It was then I saw the bright brass kettle, so proud among the other goods. I fell in love with it at once and wanted it so badly that, though it took more than we could afford to pay, your grandfather bought it for me. Had we only known how much that kettle would mean to us we would gladly have paid double the price, but at the time I felt just a little extravagant in buying it. I wrapped it snugly in a piece of factory cloth and put it in a box with my other most precious belongings.

There it stayed during the next three years, which we spent in

Cedar City, living with William's folks. George was born there, and was two years old when we had a call to go North and settle what is now known as Kanosh, but it was then called Corn Creek.

We did not have lumber for a house, but your grandfather dug a cellar and with quaking aspen poles built the walls, and a roof, over which he piled layers of clay mud. We had a home! The only windows were small square openings at the back, and a hole at the top of the door, which was made of handsawed planks.

The Indians under Chief Kanosh seemed friendly enough, and we were happy, owning our own land and building a new country. I'll admit I was always nervous about being left alone, though neighbors were not too far away, but, anyway, the men had to go to the city for goods, to the gristmill for flour, or to the mountains for firewood. Pioneer women learned to hide their fears and to protect themselves in time of danger.

I was not thinking of danger that morning when I unpacked the brass kettle and placed it on a shelf beside the door. Your grandfather had gone for a grist of white flour and graham cereal and bran. I knew it might be late when he returned, as the mill was fifteen miles away, and if he had to wait he might not return until the next day.

SO, when it became dark, I put the heavy bar across the door and closed the back window. Little George was sleeping on the bunk against the wall. I lit the candle and sat down at the slab table to read. I had borrowed a book from Emma Watts that day and was anxious to finish it.

I was so interested that I wasn't sure when I first heard the creeping sound. It was not loud, and I thought it might be a snake crawling up over the roof. I looked up at the cracks between the poles and shuddered. I had a horror of snakes.

Then there was a louder sound, too heavy for the body of a snake to make. Chunks of dry clay made a rumbling sound as they slid down the roof. I knew, then, it was either an animal or a human. I thought of all the stories I had heard of mountain lions or panthers attacking people. I knew no animal could get into the dugout, but it might lie and wait for your grandfather, and I wondered how I could warn him, if he came into the yard while it was still there. I decided to blow out the candle and keep very still. Perhaps it would go away, if it was an animal.

I sat there scarcely breathing until the noise came again. It was a heavy body all right, and it was edging its way up to the front of the roof to the place above the hole over the door. I held my breath, praying as I had never prayed before. As I prayed, the fear left me, and a courage to fight took its place, a determination to win against any harm that threatened me and my baby.

I glanced at the opening. A hand came down over the roof, reached through the hole in the door, feeling, feeling, trying to find the heavy bar that held the front door shut. I held my breath as the long fingers moved nearer and nearer. They were just above the bar—two inches,

then one inch, and they would soon reach that precious piece of iron that stood between me and the horror out there.

I picked up the first thing I could put my hands on with which to strike and crush those groping fingers. It was the shining brass kettle!

The Indian must have heard me, for the hand was quickly withdrawn —then there was silence. We were both listening—the Indian and I—both holding our breaths. Minutes passed, which seemed like hours. Baby George whined in his sleep. I did not dare desert my post at the door to go over to the bunk against the back wall where he slept.

How long I stood there I do not know, but all of the time I was silently praying for help, for your grandfather to come, or even a neighbor. I did not dare to scream or make a noise for fear the Indian would know that I was alone, and then he might throw an axe, or even an arrow, through that hole in the door. I was tired, for early sleep had become a habit, and, frightened as I was, sleep began creeping up on me. I fought to keep awake and clear-headed, for if I went to sleep he might reach in, unseen, and open the door. Then I jerked wide awake. The hand was again coming down through the hole in the door. This time it groped about as before, then, being unable to locate the bar, it withdrew, and a head came down over the roof and slowly, noiselessly, began to edge through that hole.

HORROR gripped me. The hole was narrow but long, running entirely across the top of the door. If his head could come through, no doubt he could get his shoulders through, that is if he was a slender Indian, and most of them were. He had to turn his head sidewise and work it about, but, finally, it slid in. Then he was trying to press one shoulder through. It was then I raised the kettle and struck!

I put a lot of force behind that blow. I was fighting for my life and the life of my baby. But in my fear I struck not with the bottom of the kettle, which would have crushed his skull, but with the open mouth of the kettle. It went over and down around his head like a helmet and stuck, the heavy ridge edge keeping the head from being pulled out without help. Every time he reached in a hand to help, I cracked it with a heavy rolling pin, until he had to jerk back the hand in pain.

He fought and flopped about, beating his hands on the door, and his feet on the roof, but the kettle held, and I had him a prisoner. But then he had me a prisoner, too, for he was blocking the door. For long minutes there would be comparative silence, as though he was waiting for me to tire and go away from the door. But there I stood, rolling pin in hand.

It was almost morning when I heard the crushing of gravel as the wagon wheels rolled along the dirt road; then, the wagon came closer. I heard the creaking of tires and hubs and the flap of leather. Then I heard your grandfather whistling, as he always did to let me know he was returning home.

The Indian heard him, too, and fought silently, except for grunts,

to free himself. I was too weak with the reaction from having help at hand to have stopped him, had the kettle let go. I had let the rolling pin drop to the floor at the sound of that dear, familiar whistle, and my legs gave way and I sat in a crumpled heap beside it, and cried.

The Indian was unable to pull his head from the kettle or the kettle through the small hole in the door, and when your grandfather drove into the yard, he found the Indian still there, head in the door and body on the roof. In no time your grandfather had aroused the neighbors. They pried off a board, making room for the kettle-helmeted head to be released.

Then they took the Indian to his camp and left him with his chief for punishment — after the kettle had been removed by means of a lot of grease and jerks.

I do not know what happened at the chief's council that night, but, the next day, the Indian appeared among the others with his head painted a bright, brassy color, and he was given the name of Pot-Head. From then on everyone called my bright brass kettle the Pot-Head Kettle.

But there was a lot of good came out of that night. Never again was I afraid to stay alone, for I had learned that no one is alone who prays, and my Heavenly Father surely heard me that night.

You see, your grandfather had decided to wait until the next day to come home, as he was so tired, and it was late when he had his grist loaded. But, in the night, he awoke with the feeling that I was in great danger. The feeling was so strong that he was compelled to get up and dress and start for home, not sparing the horses.

* * * * *

Granny lay back on the pillows and closed her eyes. Aunt Minnie looked over at her and put a finger on her lips for silence, and we both tiptoed out of the room, leaving Granny to her dreams.

April Returns

Mabel Law Atkinson

Warm April fingers tap my window pane,
And April footsteps patter on my roof
Bright golden goblets fill with crystal rain.
The merry horsemen ride! Each magic hoof
Sends silver music echoing to the hills
Whose emerald carpets are retrimmed with dock.
Ecstatically, a joyous lark-flute spills
A fount of splashing stars, but not to mock
The phoebe's gentle flare, but to express
A lilting rapture that cannot be stilled.
Ripples of youth, of springtime tenderness
Flow from my heart again. My dreams fulfilled,
I walk evermore through valleys, lily-fair
And hear the call of beauty everywhere.

Easter Bunny Review

Courtesy Dennison Manufacturing Company

An Easter party the day before Easter Sunday will make your children happy, and assisting in party plans will appeal to their creative interests and abilities.

Look at Lancelot and Hepzibah Bunny strutting across the party table, which is set up especially for your Easter party . . . could be a breakfast, luncheon, or dinner.

We know you'll want to make Lancelot and Hepzibah, so get out your scissors, paste, cotton batting, mailing tubes, tissue paper, and some white and some blue mat stock, white, red, green, blue, and light pink crepe paper, white writing paper, blue notarial seals, No. 15 wire, common pins, spool wire, cardboard, and water colors.

TO MAKE BUNNIES: Both Lancelot and Hepzibah are made the same way. Pad tissue paper around a 12-inch tall mailing tube, to form 3 balls. (Fig. A)—one large for lower body, medium for upper body, and smaller for head. Pad in front to shape nose.

Cut a piece of white crepe paper the full width of the fold and long enough to go around padded body. Stretch this piece snugly around body and paste at seam (Fig. B). Tie spool wire tightly between each ball. Trim off excess paper at top and bottom and paste down (Fig. C).

Cut off an 18-inch long piece of wire for arms. Attach it to body with spool wire, tying criss-cross over chest (Fig. D). Pad arms with tissue.

Cover entire rabbit, head, body, and arms, with cotton batting. To do this, apply paste to tissue and wire arms, then press cotton over it.

Legs: Cut two legs of correct size from white mat stock. Cover outside with cotton. Paste in place, holding until dry with common pins.

Ears: Cut ears from white mat stock. Apply paste to one side and smooth pink crepe paper over it. Trim off excess crepe. Cover other side with cotton. Punch holes in head with ice pick. Coat ends of ears with paste and force them into holes in head. Cover pasting with cotton.

Tail: A ball of cotton pasted and pinned in place.

Eyes: Cut from white writing paper, centers from blue notarial seals. Outline with black water color. Eyelashes: Square of black paper slashed to a fine fringe. Paste to back of eye.

Nose: Cut from black paper.

TO DRESS LANCELOT: Vest: Cut a piece, shaped as in diagram (Fig. E), from yellow duplex crepe paper. Pin in place with common pins. Buttons are small gold notarial seals.

Collar: Cut strip from white writing paper, long enough to go around neck. Shape as in Fig. F. Turn winged collar down.

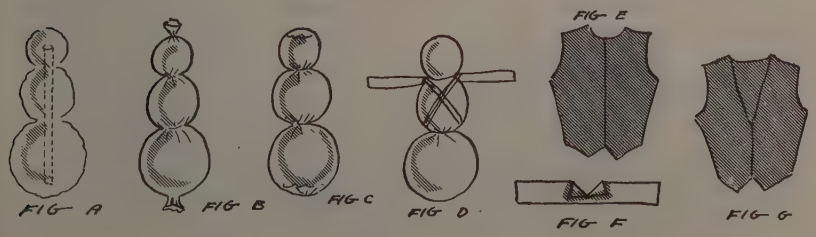
Tie: Blue crepe paper, design cut from a flower seal.

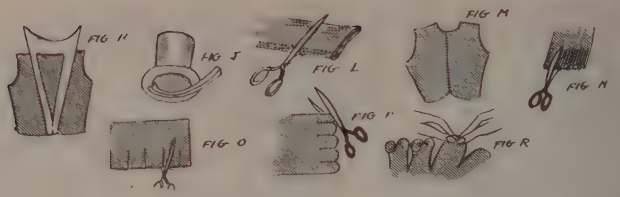
Jacket: First we put on the sleeves. Cut two pieces of red crepe paper across the grain, long enough to cover length of arm and 2½ inches to spare, wide enough to form tube to fit around arm and overlap for seam. Turn back a 1½ inch deep cuff at bottom. Slit at top and slip onto arm, pasting at shoulder.

Cut main part of jacket same shape as shown in Fig. G. Put on Lancelot and paste shoulder seams. Cut collar as shown in Fig. F from writing paper, covered on both sides with red crepe paper. Paste around edge of jacket.

Watch chain is from five and ten cent store.

Hat: Cut an oval 5½ inches long by 4½ inches wide from blue mat stock. Cut an oval from the center, leaving a 1¼ inch wide brim. Cut a strip of writing paper 3¼ inches wide and long enough to overlap for crown of hat. Insert into brim and paste.





TO DRESS HEPZIBAH: A "dickie" is cut from white crepe paper to serve as a blouse.

Skirt: Cut a strip of dark pink crepe paper 4½ inches across the fold (Fig. L). Gather along one long end. Paste around waist.

Jacket: From light blue crepe paper, cut piece for sleeves, as you did for Lancelot's. Cut her bolero as shown in diagram (Fig. M). Trim cuff and around edge of bolero with a lace border cut from a paper lace doily. Cut collar from white crepe paper. Stick blue ribbon bow at neck and tie ribbon around waist.

Hat: Cut a strip of blue mat stock 1¾ inches wide. Paste to form cylinder of correct headsize. Cut circle to fit top and paste in place. Paste pink ribbon band around hat. Trim with double bow at back. Decorate with tiny flowers and piece of veiling.

The Hyacinth-bordered pathway down which the Bunnies stroll is a fold of spring-green crepe paper, slashed to a fine fringe along both edges (Fig. N), and spread diagonally across table. (see photo.)

TO MAKE HYACINTHS—Materials: Medium pink, light blue, white, spring-green and leaf-green crepe paper; leaf-green duplex paper; no. 9 wire; small paper cups (size 4); brown mat board.

Cut 2½ inch wide strips of medium pink, light blue, and white crepe paper across the fold (Fig. L). Before unfolding any of the strips, cut 1-inch deep slashes, 1 inch apart, along one side (Fig. O). Round off "petals" (Fig. P). Twist each petal by twisting one half forward and one-half backward over thumbs and forefingers of each hand (Fig. R).

Cut off 12-inch lengths of wire. Bend each in half. Wind 3 inches with this twisted petal strip, pasting as you wind.

Cut leaves from green duplex crepe paper. Wind rest of stem with a ½-inch wide strip of leaf-green crepe paper which has been cut across the fold, adding leaves as you wind.

Cover a sheet of writing paper with a smooth coat of library paste. Lay a piece of spring-green crepe paper over it, rubbing gently with fingertips, making sure it is well stuck. Cover paper cup with this.

Cut circles of brown mat board to just fit into top of cup. Punch tiny hole in center of each circle and set hyacinth into it.

Line these "plants" along the pathway.

The Lasting Joys

Sylvia Probst Young

LAURA looked around the spacious, beautifully decorated living room with a little sigh of envy. It was perfect in every detail, the kind of room she had seen pictured in magazines, the kind she had dreamed of having—a row of picture windows overlooking a garden, a mirror fit for a queen covering most of one wall, a big, wood-burning fireplace, thick velvet carpet, custom-made furniture.

"It's beautiful," she said.

Maurine Whitney smiled. "I'm glad you like it," she said lightly. "It's nice, but I did like my Chicago house better. That, Laura, was really a dream."

Laura looked at her cousin and said nothing. Life had been so good to Maurine. She had never known what it was to go without anything.

We have always been poor relations, Laura thought. She recalled her own living room, about half this size, with its worn rug and shabby furniture. The boys were so hard on things. Sometimes when the four of them were playing cowboys, she wondered if there would be any furniture left. But they had to play someplace, and a four-roomed house didn't leave much choice. There were times when she felt she would like to push the walls out to make more room.

Maurine was an only child, and Uncle Willis Maxfield had been about the richest man in Dayton County. Laura remembered asking her mother, more than once, why they couldn't have just a few of the things the Maxfields had. After high school, Maurine had gone East to school. It was there she had met Lew Whitney, a physician. He came from a wealthy family, too, and so his wife Maurine never lacked for anything.

With Laura it was different. Bill's folks had been as poor as her own, and Bill had been overseas when Douglas was born. Bill had had two more years of college to get his degree, and with the help of the G.I. bill, they had struggled and pinched pennies so that he had been able to finish college.

Laura hadn't been anxious to go and see Maurine when she had met her in town a week before. "I guess it's because I'm envious," she had told Bill.

Bill had laughed at that, but she knew he wasn't unsympathetic. She knew that it made him unhappy when she had to go without things, things a woman wanted—a new hat or dress, some little luxury for the house—a rose bowl, maybe new lamp shades or a figurine.

More than once he had said, "Next month you take ten dollars and buy yourself something, something you would like to have." But the ten dollars was always needed for other things—overalls or shoes or a bill that hadn't been paid.

Laura had wondered what to do with the boys while she went to see Maurine, because Douglas was too young to be left in charge of the younger children for long.

"Well, you plan on going and maybe you can get a baby sitter," Bill had told her.

In the end, she hadn't needed anyone. Sue Dennis had insisted that she leave the boys with her.

"But you can't keep all four of them," Laura had protested. "Tommy's such a handful, and Allen, too, besides you have your own. It's too much."

Sue had scoffed at that. She was somewhat of a tomboy herself, and the boys never seemed to bother her. She was a neighbor in every sense of the word.

"Go enjoy yourself," she had said, as Laura drove off, "and don't worry about the boys, they'll be fine."

But Laura couldn't help wondering about them. It was the mother in her.

"TELL me about your family," Maurine was saying. "Mom tells me you have four boys. Goodness, Laura, how on earth do you manage?"

"It is quite a problem at times," Laura affirmed, "but I guess I'd be lost without them."

"And Bill, what does he do?"

"Well, he teaches school in the winter. He's science teacher in our high school. Of course, he has to work summers, too—he clerks in a grocery store. It takes so much with four youngsters."

"Well, I should guess it would, in money, and nerves, and everything else. My two nearly drive me crazy. Grandma Whitney's been here, and she took Stevie back to Chicago until school starts, and mother has Roxy this week, and it's so quiet and peaceful, it's heavenly. Want to see the rest of the house, Laura?"

The rest of the house matched the living room—big, expensive, modern in every detail.

"The kitchen is really big, too," Maurine exclaimed.

But Laura, looking around the all-electric kitchen, wondered if there could be a kitchen that was too large. Her own was much too small. When they all sat down to eat there was hardly room to breathe.

"Someday we'll have a house with a dining room," Bill had promised, "and a big kitchen, Laura. The kind of living room you want, too, and a big playroom for the boys." Sometimes he brought house plans home, and they pored over them and dreamed, but, though neither said so, they both knew that it was wishful thinking.

Maurine's house had bedrooms and a bath upstairs. The basement was all finished, too, with a bath and study. The playroom was as big as the living room, all done in knotty pine, with a fireplace, a dining corner, and a built-in television set.

How her boys would love a room like this Laura thought—the television, especially. Every other family in their neighborhood had television. Bill had planned to build a rumpus room in the basement and get a television set before winter, but too many other things had come up. They had had to buy a new washer, and then the hot water tank had sprung a leak, and Mark Dennis and Bill had fenced around their lots. It was almost more than

they could meet each month, with the house mortgage.

From the basement Maurine led Laura to the patio, and Maurine's cook served them a dainty luncheon on trays. "I thought you'd enjoy it out here, Laura, the flowers are really quite pretty."

The flowers—Laura's eyes were feasting upon them. There was a profusion of petunias and geraniums. A row of dahlias, bright red, stood tall and proud against the picket fence. The dahlia roots cost fifty cents each, Laura knew, she had afforded four of them.

And there were shrubs of every kind—forsythia, flowering peach, almond, barberry, Japanese quince, and lilacs—Laura knew them all. How she wanted them along her back fence, but it was a slow business, getting only one or two each spring.

We really live in different worlds, Laura thought. She looked at her cheap little dress that was getting its second summer's wear. Yes, we live in different worlds.

IT was four o'clock when Laura got home, and she felt guilty for having left the boys with Sue so long. She had meant to leave earlier, but she hadn't been able to get away. Maurine had wanted to show her some pictures they had taken in Chicago, and the time had slipped by. She drove the car into the garage and looked across to Sue's yard. There wasn't a boy in sight. Where could they all be? She crossed the driveway to Sue's door and rang the bell. When the door opened, a small gray-haired lady greeted her. Laura had seen her before. It was Mrs. Howarth, Sue's mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Clayson, I'm sorry I didn't see you drive in," she said. "Sue's sister, Mary, just got a new station wagon, so she and I drove out here to show Sue. Then the girls decided to take the children all for a ride. They just left a few minutes ago, but they'll be back in a bit. Won't you come in?"

"I'd better not, Mrs. Howarth. I'll go get my supper started," Laura told her. "I guess they'll be home soon."

But when five o'clock came, and they still hadn't come Laura began to grow anxious. She went to the front door and looked up the road. It was growing dark. She could see a black, ominous cloud riding in front of the sun. There was a distant rumble of thunder, and against the southern hills, a sharp flash of lightning. A storm was coming down Willow Creek. If Sue and Mary would only get back! Suddenly rain came peppering down, lashed by a wild wind. Laura ran to close the bedroom windows. She hadn't seen it rain like this all summer long. Where could the boys be? Suppose something had happened. If she only knew where Sue and Mary had taken them. How she wished Bill would come. The stillness of the house was oppressive. She hated being alone.

The moments dragged by while the storm still continued to rage. Suddenly Laura remembered Sue's mother, maybe she would have some idea where the girls had gone. If the rain would slow up a little she could run over to Sue's. At least it would be better than wait-

ing and worrying alone.

All at once the rain stopped, almost as quickly as it had come, but the wind was still roaring as Laura ran across the yard. Mrs. Howarth let her in. She understood Laura's anxiety at once, for she herself was anxious.

"Only thing I can think of is they must have gone up Willow Creek Canyon. It isn't so far, you know, and Mary's husband has an aunt living up there this summer. Maybe they went up there to show her the car."

Willow Creek Canyon — there might have been a flood up there. It made Laura sick to think of it.

When Bill got home, at ten minutes after six, she was almost frantic. "Something's happened to them," she told him.

Bill put a reassuring arm around her. "They're all right, honey, I'm sure, but we'll get in the car and go up Willow Creek way if you want to."

Bill was such a comfort, just having him near eased Laura's fears.

"I'll go back the car out, and you close the door," he told her.

"Boy, this has been a storm," Bill decided as they rode along. "Glad you got home before it came, Laura. By the way, how did you enjoy your visit with Maurine?"

Laura looked a little surprised. "Why, I hadn't even remembered I had been there until you mentioned it just now."

"Guess there isn't anything she doesn't have."

"Yes, she has everything money can buy, but—Bill! Look, coming down the road—a station wagon! Bill, it's Sue and the boys. I can see them!"

"Good enough. I'll drive up to the next turn here and follow them back."

In a few minutes they were all back in Sue's yard, Laura was holding Tommy in her arms, with Douglas and Paul and Alan around her, all trying to talk at once.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Clayson," Mary was saying, "we had no idea it was going to rain. When we started up Willow Creek the sun was still shining. I've never seen a storm come so fast. We got to Aunt Emily's just in time, and we were lucky. It was furious."

"Well, we're all mighty glad you're here and safe," Mrs. Howarth said. "Of course, Mary's a good driver, but we were worried just the same."

"If we could have phoned or something. But anyway, Laura, they're back all safe and sound," Sue assured her.

Back in their own little house, Laura set out supper for her family. They crowded around the kitchen table to eat, but, somehow, it didn't seem so crowded.

"Gee, Mom, that's a swell station wagon," Douglas said. "Wish we had one."

"What did you boys do while it rained?" Bill asked.

"We looked at books. That lady had a lot of them. And we watched the lightning. It was fun," Alan spoke up.

"It surely was," Paul agreed.

"But I was wishing I was home with Mama." Tommy's dark eyes, full of warmth and love, were turned on Laura.

A lump rose in her throat. "I was wishing it, too," she said.

AFTER supper was over they went into the living room. Bill turned on a lamp and settled down to read the newspaper. Tommy climbed on Laura's lap, his curly head resting against her. The other boys were occupied with toys and books on the floor.

It's small, but it's such a peaceful room, Laura thought as she looked about her. Softly she began to hum a song to the tired little son in her arms.

"Mom!" Alan sat up. "Mom, sing that song—that funny one, about the little man and his little dairy—o."

"Oh, yes," cried Paul. "You know, about the little dog pulling the squealing piggy by the tailie —o."

The boys all gathered around her while she sang the nonsense song, with Bill giving her an occasional grin. When the song was finished, Tommy was asleep. Looking at her boys and Bill, a sweet peace filled Laura's heart. Here we are all together, she thought. She would remember this night—this night and other nights in the companionship of these she loved.

Long after houses and furniture were forgotten, she would keep the memory of eager young faces looking up to her—the warmth of boyish arms. Long after gardens were faded and dead, the love of her boys would be ever close to her heart.

These were the lasting joys—all these priceless things within the shining circle of her home. Not Maurine nor anyone else could ever really have more.

Bill looked up from his paper and smiled at her. "Everything okay, Mama?"

Laura returned his smile, "Everything's wonderful," she said.

Message

Zera Wilde Earl

I knew this morning spring must soon be here
When I heard that first reed-like "O-ka-lee."
I hurried out; dozens of blackbirds perched
On the topmost twigs of the naked poplar tree.

They hushed a moment as I came; this tardy
Listener had disturbed their chorus; then,
Glad promise to our winter-chastened world,
Triumphant and sweet, the music came again.

I wonder why my tears came. Was it joy
That they were past, those months so bleak and long?
Or did my thoughts yearn back, remembering
Another spring, another blackbird's song?

Gardening at Seven Thousand Feet

C. W. McCullough

THE garden is just outside our bedroom window. Every morning when my feet touch the floor, my first sight in summer is of long rows of growing things. In winter I see a garden asleep, snug beneath a white blanket two to three feet deep; a blanket that grows holey and threadbare when spring is near. And then there comes that dawn of promise, after the land has been plowed, harrowed, and planted, when the first brave seedlings appear. Shivering in the chilly mornings, they await their lingering-in-bed comrades before the magic of growth whips them into soldierly, straight lines.

I see the first white blossoms unfurl their sails among the peas, the brash growth of onion sets, the tall cabbage and cauliflower plants, with their head start in a hot bed, lording it over the slower seedlings. I begin to look for the first robin in the strawberries, cocking his head disapprovingly at the slowness of ripening. And rounding out the calendar, I see the garden sear and yellow in the fall, its work done for the year, its rest well earned, with our shelves full in the cellar, vegetables in the bin, and the deep-freeze a well-stocked treasure chest.

The sight of a garden is a goodly way to start the day.

Our garden, now ten years old, was born a black-sheep child. My neighbors warned us it would come to no good. Silas, who first plowed and harrowed the ground for me, set himself as an arch-obstructionist to my miniature back-to-the-soil movement. I had practically to drag him and his equipment up to the place. "Plumb waste of time, Neighbor," he'd protest, "'tain't no gardenin' country in these altitudes. Late springs, summer frosts, early falls; nature contrary all around. Cheaper to buy what truck you need, if you ask me. Giddap, nags!"

I wasn't asking, I was telling him. I wanted a garden.

How many times in the years to come was I to realize that Silas' baleful predictions were redolent with prophecy. Cold rainy springs, with frosty nights that lingered almost into June, passed their cue on to summer and sent fall and its icy breath to visit us on Labor Day. And we'll never forget the year when the insects held their nation-wide convention in our garden patch. Grudging hosts that we were, none of them can say that we did not feed them well. But that first year was the one most calculated to try my soul.

Due to Silas' procrastinations, I got a late start. Perhaps I planted things too deep—in these altitudes there is no time for seeds to be dilly-dallying in the soil. By my own admission it was a sorry looking garden patch, scarcely improved by a July frost that took most of the beans. The corn decided this was one of the seven lean years. The potatoes never grew beyond the marble stage.

"Told you so!" Silas cackled.

"Next year," I promised, "you'll plow this ground before Decoration Day and then I'll show you."

That second year my garden still

left much to be desired, but I managed to keep Silas' table well supplied along with our own.

The third year I cut down on such doubtfully popular items as turnips and rutabagas, and added asparagus, cauliflower, tomatoes, and pole beans, taking the seedsman's recommendations as to hardy varieties. A word of caution there! At seven thousand feet, one can lose plenty of arguments with a seed catalogue's claims. But I lived and learned and gradually achieved a reasonably fool-proof set of ways and means of outwitting the pitfalls that beset the unwary gardener.

Mountain valley loam leaves little to be desired as a soil medium, but one often finds spots that tend to puddle and harden whenever water is added. Liberal additions of sand to these spots will loosen the soil. With strawberries, a load of sand worked into the soil every year or two pays rich dividends and greatly simplifies cultivation. I like to apply manure in the fall and plow it under in the spring.

The hardy vegetables, such as radishes, onions, peas, carrots, cabbage, and cauliflower can usually be depended upon to do well in high altitudes. Cool nights and rich mountain soil impart a color and flavor that garden stuff lacks in lower altitudes. Head lettuce does particularly well, but the plants require plenty of elbow room — at least twelve inches between plants. By transplanting groups every ten days after they have made two leaves, one can always have fresh lettuce coming on.

Everyone warned us that we could not raise corn, but year after year, we manage to mature a satisfactory crop of roasting ears. We beat its long season for growth by planting it early; in fact, corn is one of the first crops planted. The young shoots are more frost resistant than most folks imagine, and should we lose the first crop, replanting entails very little work.

While discussing corn, it might be well to consider its freezing qualities. Cut off the cob, we find corn from the deep freeze as tasty as when fresh, but our experience with freezing it on the cob after cooking has been consistently bad. Now we freeze it on the cob uncooked. The husks are left on after peeling them down part way to remove the silks and to check that they are worm free. Preferably the knobby end of the ear is clipped off, the husks smoothed back and a rubber band is snipped over the end. Frozen in this manner, they come to the table like fresh ears. The cobs are firm and there is no objectionable cob taste.

Strawberries are easily our best fruit crop, and once a patch is properly established they require very little attention. Five years ago we planted fifty Centennial everbearing plants. New rows were added each year from the runners. After three years of bearing, two rows of the oldest plants are dug up and burned and replaced with runners. In this way, we have young plants always coming on. By keeping the rows sixteen inches apart and free of runners, proper cultivation can be maintained. Two or three times a season, I sprinkle commercial fertilizer along the rows and give the patch a thorough wetting down

with the lawn sprinkler to put the fertilizer into solution and into the soil. The results are immediate and amazing. The size of the berries will be double within a week after such treatment. The patch will yield three to four crates a week from the middle of June until September and we usually get enough for table use well into October.

Raspberries also do well, and they are our favorite fruit for the freezer. Owing to our heavy winter snows, it is necessary to drive stakes along the rows and tie up groups of the bushes. Otherwise, the plants are crushed flat and many of the bearing canes are lost for the next season.

I started gardening for the fun of it, and in all the years I have studiously avoided trying to turn it into a commercial project. The minute one begins to sell garden stuff, the joy of raising it is gone. As soon as you install a cash register, you begin to count the costs. We like to keep the debit side of our garden ledger obscure and the credit side specific.

The latter includes a bounteous table of ultra fresh vegetables and fruits all summer; a burgeoned cellar, and a full deep freeze for winter; and generous entertaining that never strains the budget. We like to tuck a box of stuff into our city friends' cars when they visit us. We like to send berries to the sick. And we like to have something to brag about!

Then, too, our garden produces a currency not stamped in a mint. So many times someone will do us a favor. In return, they will gladly accept a head of cabbage, an armload of carrots, or a few boxes of strawberries when you would insult them if you offered money.

But still gardening at seven thousand feet is quite a gamble. To sandwich in a growing season between late spring frosts and those of an early fall requires no little judgment—and a lot of luck.

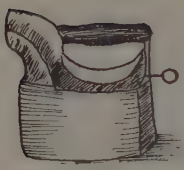
It was several years before I learned the real reason why my neighbor Silas complained so much about first plowing my garden patch. By then he had a garden, too, and I could depend upon his displays giving mine the stiffest kind of competition at the county fair. I saw him hoeing weeds one afternoon and dropped over for a chat, complimented him on his garden, and reminded him about the time he was so reluctant to break up my ground. "I don't think you'd have a garden today, if I hadn't put the idea in your head," I told him.

He scowled at me as he mopped his forehead. "That was just what I was 'fraid of," he confessed. "I knew if anybody started gardnin' in this country, the Missus wouldn't rest unitl we had one. You're a pest—a downright pest," he added.

Our Thanks

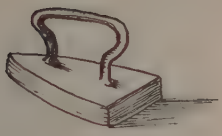
Isadore Price

We thank thee, Lord, for blessings rare,
For homes upon this land so fair,
For clear-eyed children, free of fear;
We thank thee, Lord, for blessings here.



CHARCOAL IRON

FLUTING IRON



FLAT IRON

By Early Candlelight

III. A Pioneer Kitchen

Bonnie A. Kesler

Illustrations by the Author

ANNIE and Hyrum were the envy of their friends when they arrived with their stove, although it was only seventeen inches high and the door for the fuel was six and one-fourth by four inches high. This stove was so tiny and toy-like that a friend questioned its usefulness the first time she saw it; but it had been used in Hyrum's wagon crossing the plains during bad weather, and had always been a comfort, especially to the aged and little children.

A warm fire glowed on Annie's smooth, stone hearth, and the aroma of good food came from the kettle on its hook hanging over the flames. She had fire-dogs, brought across the plains, to hold up the backlog and throw the heat farther out into the room, and a Dutch oven, covered with coals, was used for baking her bread, pies, cookies, meats, vegetables, and other food.

A few three-legged stools were placed around the table which was made of pine boards, whose top was nearly white from being scrubbed with Annie's homemade lye soap. On the table stood her frog lamp made of iron, with a lid which turned back about halfway across the frog's back. It held a cup of grease or tallow, and the wick protruded from the mouth of the frog.

Annie was proud of the dish cupboard she had and the variety of treasured chinaware on the shelves, such as the platter which had been in their family for over two hundred years.

The washstand stood against the wall near the fireplace or stove. On the washstand was a pitcher of water, a soap dish, and bowl.

The water barrel, which had been tied to the side of the wagon while crossing the plains, was sawed in half horizontally, and used for a washtub, then for a bathtub. The other half served as a watering trough for the animals in the corral.

A flour bin in the corner held one of the most basic of all supplies—flour. One neighbor, with a large family, near Annie's home, kept a

DISH CUPBOARD

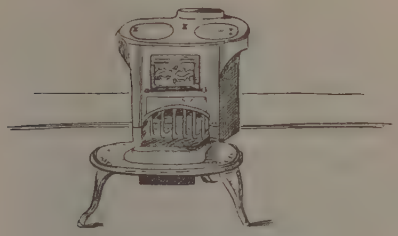
year's supply of flour. Their breadbox was large enough to hold sixteen to eighteen loaves at a time. When the father went to conference, in the spring and fall, he brought home the flour, oats, sugar, salt, and other supplies in quantities. When the family returned home they would come to Annie's home to borrow a start of yeast and hot coals to start their fire. Generally, they banked their fires with ashes so that a bed of hot coals was kept smoldering for hours.

A cradle and a "mother chair" to go with it—a low rocker—unexcelled for comfort, were kept in the kitchen where it was warm.

One of Annie's friends had a copper teakettle which was brought from Wales before 1850. The teakettle was the only source of hot water in the house, and that one kettle had to heat water for many jobs. At the time of childbirth, the first thing done was to put the teakettle on to boil. Some of the children thought the water was only heated so that grandfather could make himself a cup of ginger tea to quiet his nerves.

Doing the family laundry meant rubbing on a board, wringing out the heavy clothes by hand, and bleaching the white pieces in hot lye suds over a fire outdoors. The clothes were dried in the kitchen in wet weather. Annie had two flatirons, and she had the girls carrying them back and forth from the stove or fireplace to the ironing board as each iron cooled off. There was an iron flatiron heater with a handle on each end. It held three irons and replaced a section of the stove top so that the flat irons could be

PIONEER FIREPLACE



PIONEER STOVE

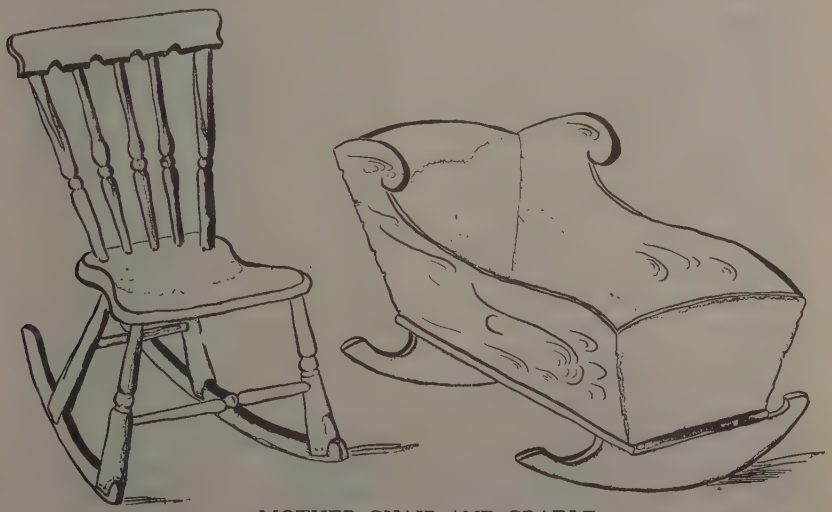
lowered nearer the coals. The ironing board was placed over the backs of two chairs.

When Hyrum went to purchase a new pocketknife, he first tested it to see if the blade was good enough steel to strike fire on flint. If it did not, he would not buy it.

Always within handy reach were the steelyards (commonly pronounced "stilliards") which Hyrum used to weigh his produce, the medium of exchange. Not only did the pioneer trade goods with his neighbor, but he took produce into town to do his bartering or trading. Annie did not speak of going shopping, but of doing her trading. The paying of tithing and admission to socials, dances, and plays, were so many pounds of fowl, vegetables, butter, molasses, wheat, wool, or whatever the family had.

Annie had a spice mill to grind her pepper and other spices and soda, or saleratus, found in thin, white crusts on land that needed draining. The saleratus was used in making hot bread and cakes. The saleratus was put in water, and the settlings sank to the bottom. Then the soda solution was used to raise the bread and cakes.

Annie and Hyrum and their children took the time to do any job well, and in their humble kitchen the family worked in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and industry. The struggle to construct comfortable homes was proving successful.



MOTHER CHAIR AND CRADLE

A Time to Forget

Chapter 10

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who lost her fiance in the war, goes to live on a walnut farm, which she inherited from her cousin Harriett Lester. There she meets Jeff Landeau, a widower who owns the adjoining acres, and who helps her in running her farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, also assists in the work, and Serena is impressed with his wholesome and buoyant attitude towards life. Serena also makes friends with David, Jeff's son, and, after Christmas, Serena and Jeff are married, but, upon their return from a honeymoon in Mexico, they find that Delia, who is a cousin to Jeff's first wife, Beth Henley, has persuaded David to live with her. Serena, however, persuades the boy to go home with his father, and she finally wins the friendship of Delia. Serena goes with her friend Mrs. Hale to a party at the home of Constance and Martha Bates, elderly sisters, who were friends of Beth Henley Landeau. Alice McKellar tries to persuade the women of Meadtown to refuse to admit Serena to their group, but the elderly sisters defend her.

SERENA'S head was floating away from her, the women's faces swirling before her, but she was thinking clearly. Should she stop upstairs to get her jacket with all the eyes watching her, or should she just walk out of the door.

"No, no!" the old lady shook her head with unwonted vigor. "Wait. Where is Martha? Will some one get Martha for me, quick."

The sound of a dry cough came from the door Serena had so lately wrenched open. Martha stood there, the little bonnet of velvet roses tipped rakishly over one eye, the carved ivory fan dangling in her frail hand. Pushing her rheumatic joints hard, she came into the expectant room. Like Constance, every muscle in her face seemed aquiver, but high on each wrinkled gray cheek was a spot of color. Her pale blue eyes under the steel-rimmed glasses burned with a steady flame.

"I heard you, Alice McKellar," she accused, pointing the fan hard against the jewelled button on that lady's modish blouse. "I know what you are trying to do. Fifty years ago, when you were going to school to me, you were always stirring up trouble because you couldn't be the center of attention."

She pushed the fan harder against the jewelled button. "And you need some discipline inflicted upon you, just as you did then." Drawing back the fan and closing it with a little jerk of her wrist, she turned to the women. "I'm sorry I didn't inflict more then. It might have saved a lot of trouble."

Then, ignoring Mrs. McKellar, she gave the bonnet an upward push and moved to Serena, laying a hand on the girl's arm.

"Don't let us hear you talk about going." She spoke with mock severity. "And don't think a second time about what Alice said. Alice will come round." From under the velvet roses, she looked at the women.

They all nodded as one. From most of them came sighs of relief.

Serena, who had been immobile, moved swiftly and helped Miss

Martha into a Windsor chair. "Don't say anything more, Miss Martha," she pleaded. "Just sit here while I get you a drink."

BEFORE she was halfway across the room a glass of water was handed her by the housekeeper.

"It's been too much for you," Serena insisted, as Miss Martha sipped the water.

"Maybe it was." She handed back the glass, the roses on the hat perilously close to her eyes. For a second, Serena was sure she saw a wicked glint behind the steel rims. "Maybe it was, but it was worth it."

Perhaps the day would not end in disaster after all. Hiding her desire to smile, Serena looked speculatively at Miss Constance. That lady was pushing forward again. She linked her arm in Serena's. "We all know Alice," she said and looked squarely at Mrs. McKellar. "We know your bark is worse than your bite. I suggest that we forget what you've said today, really forget, and tell Mrs. Landeau how you feel." Her hand on Serena's arm was like a vise. "We want her to know how proud we are to have her join us."

"That's what I wanted to say to you, Alice," Miss Martha cut in. "We can't have this pretty child sorry she ever married and had to live by a nest of old hornets."

Serena would gladly have gone through the floor. She watched her accuser come forward.

"I suppose it is too much, Mrs. Landeau, to ask you to forgive me." Her voice was thick and the hand she held out was limp. "Maybe when you get to know me better you can be tolerant of me."

Impulsively, Serena took her hand and turned to the women. "I didn't want to come today," she said in her soft voice. "I told Jeff I was frightened to meet you. I know I'm a newcomer," she hurried over the word, "and taking the place of someone you loved, but I'm glad I came, truly I am. I know you just a little bit and I'm not afraid of you any more." Swift tears were coming, and she withdrew her hand to use her handkerchief.

"I'm such a fool." Mrs. McKellar was using her handkerchief.

The women pressed forward. Some shook her hand. Others kissed her. It was good, they said, to have her.

IN the confusion, Miss Constance made it to her feet. Standing very erect and holding her pincenez, she compelled attention.

"Sister and I," the fluty voice was so light that Serena leaned forward to hear it, "want you and Jeff to come to dinner tomorrow night. Isn't that so, Sister?"

"Yes," beamed Miss Martha, showing plainly that she thought Serena very special. "Sister and I want to tell him how fortunate he is." She took off the bonnet and stroked the velvet roses. "So sad," she murmured, "so sad if he had not remarried."

Late afternoon shadows were darkening the valley when Mrs. Hale started her car. "My," she sighed long and hard, "that was an afternoon I wouldn't want to repeat."

Serena gave a backward glance at

the big white house with the Horn wing. "I didn't think it would be like that . . . inside."

Mrs. Hale smiled in understanding. After she had joined the speeding cars on the main highway, she spoke. "If you wanted to talk about what happened today, I couldn't blame you, but a lot of trouble and heartaches could come if you did. I've forgotten what happened. I hope you can."

Serena knew her decision was made. She would not tell Jeff, there were so many things that might hurt him. And no one else had the right to know. She could see a time, down through the years, when it might make a good story, but not now.

"I've forgotten already," she said.

She would always remember that Saturday afternoon in September.

ALL summer had been on the cool side. Now the fog hung in a translucent pearl mist over the valley in early morning, floating away later in the warm brightness of the sun. In response, the walnuts burst from their hulls and popped onto the ground like so many firecrackers.

She and David were clearing the nuts along the driveway. The sky, through the green of the leaves, was a deep blue and freshly washed. Back in the redwood grove a bird was trilling. Serena's mind was as tranquil as the morning—save for one slight perturbation. The potluck dinner to open scout season was only as far away as Monday.

"I just can't understand, David, why you don't want to be a boy scout." Stooping, she picked up a handful of nuts and tossed them into her basket. "You've been evading me all summer."

"Well . . . gee . . . ." He twisted a nut in his hand, his blue eyes evading her. "It's like I tell you, Mom . . . . gee, I got nothing against the scouts, I just don't want to be one."

Serena bit her lips, then ashamed for showing so much concern, she smiled up at him. "Your father's going to be awfully disappointed. He thinks scouting is important." She popped another nut into the basket.

"Well, gee." David was wriggling inside and out. "I can learn to do anything a scout can do, can't I?" He seemed very sure.

"It's not quite the same." She rested on her heels, cracked a nut, and admired the sound white meat so different from the sunburned nuts of last year. "If you'll only tell me why you don't want to join, I'll understand and not be puzzled all the time."

It was David's turn to bite his lips.

"I think you ought to tell me." She scooped up another handful of the golden-tinged nuts. "Then, if you have a good reason, we can forget the subject, I promise."

"I don't think you will think it's a good reason." David accented the you. "But it is."

"You might try me and see."

"Will you promise not to get angry?" He looked straight into her eyes.

"I'll try not to show it if I do . . . . It is something to do with Johnny Talbot, isn't it?"

David nodded, his face tight. "Johnny's my best friend."

"I know, and I like Johnny; so I'm sure there's a good reason."

Planting his feet firmly on the gravel and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he searched her face. "Both you and dad have told me not to tell tales out of school." He said it with stern deliberation.

"That's right." Her heart gave a quick jump. Here was something more difficult than she had imagined. She sat on the gravel, hugging her knees and meeting his stern look.

"Well, this is Johnny's business." He was manlike and firm.

"Seems to me you've made it your business." Her eyes were intent on his. "And in this family we all like to share."

DAVID frowned. "John didn't want me to tell, but I didn't promise I wouldn't."

Serena was silent, looking at him.

David wriggled his feet in the gravel, his eyes down. "There's a man in scouting that Johnny's dad doesn't like."

"And what?" She was firm, but not eager.

There was hesitation, even a look of pain on his fresh, young face. "Johnny doesn't like this man," he said at last, asking her to understand something he did not quite understand himself.

"But that shouldn't keep you and Johnny out of scouting."

Now David had something he could explain. "He's something on the scout committee, and Johnny says he won't go to meetings because the man will be there . . . . and I won't go either. I promised."

So that was it. Not as bad as her unknown fears.

"I couldn't say until I know something more about it, but from what you've told me, maybe John can't be blamed." She was carefully impersonal.

"You see how it is, and I hope you can get dad to understand." David was smiling at his easy victory.

"Oh, your father will understand, but it still leaves you out of scouting, doesn't it?" She arose, lifting the basket with her. "Get along, and feed your pigeons," she dismissed him gaily, knowing she would get no more help from him this morning.

She also needed to be alone. Jeff could force him to join the scouts, but she doubted if Jeff would take that course. She carried her basket to a drying tray in the rear. Jeff, a length of rope in his hand, came out of the barn. She told him the story.

Jeff's eyes widened. "So that's it. I know the man," he said cheerfully, "it was a mistake putting him in scouting—the new people don't know their way around yet—though he's a good man in his work." Thoughtfully, he coiled the rope. "I admire David's sticking with Johnny. We can't do anything about that."

"No, it wouldn't be wise."

With the rope neatly coiled, he turned to go, mischief in his blue eyes. "There's a neat problem for you. Find the solution for getting Johnny in the scouts and you'll have David also. I leave it in your capable hands."

(To be continued)

Your Outdoor Living Room

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Ward Linton
DUTCH IRIS

IF you are planning to landscape that new yard, or to re-landscape an unsatisfactory arrangement, here are a few suggestions that may help you achieve the maximum returns in beauty, comfort, and satisfaction through the years.

In landscaping a small plot, as in preparing a speech, the smaller it is the more carefully it must be planned. Though happy accidents may occur by the trial and error method, intelligent planning and planting bring happier results, with less trial and fewer errors.

A near-perfect outdoor living room has been achieved by one of my friends, whose plan may be easily adapted to your garden space, whatever it may be. You may profit by her experience and so save precious plants and years, because, while an error in an indoor decorating color might be changed overnight with a gallon of new paint, mistakes in a garden take at least one and sometimes several years to correct, as nature paints but once a year and begins on a small scale.

The first consideration in our planning will be privacy, and the walls we build will be of shrubs around the fence or the boundary line, shrubs that will bloom in season and grow tall enough to ensure seclusion, but not so high as to deny us the grandeur of our mountains or the glory of sunrise and sunset. The shrubs may be chosen all of one kind and color, which will make one glorious season of colorful beauty and a background of cool greenness the rest of the year, or they may be selected and arranged so that one kind complements another, one blooming as the other fades, so that there is always a flash of color among the green. Even so, enough of each kind should be planted so as to balance the color during each blooming season.

We have such a wonderful choice of shrubbery now, and such improved specimens, that we can choose and plant for color and fragrance from lilac time to the last althea petal.

With our walls of green well visualized, the planning of shape and design of our garden floor is in or-

der. Let us bear in mind that an outdoor living room should be a place of rest and recreation and not one of constant labor, because even a labor of love like gardening can defeat itself if it becomes too complicated. So let's take a tip from my neighbor and plan a sweep of lawn mainly circular, but with pleasing variations in dips and curves. The curves are most easily achieved by arranging a hose along the form we plan and using it as a guide for the spade. We shall start with a mind picture of a perfect circle, but we aren't going to be formal enough to keep that rigid border, just suggest it enough so that the eye follows it even when the spade has left off. Down through the middle of the lawn space we might lay a flagstone path leading to an arbor of lattice work.

WITH our main theme in mind, we can begin a plan for plants and their arrangement. We shall plan one side at a time. Remember, our walls are shrubbery. In front of the shrubs let's be generous with perennials, because they will assure us some beauty even in those years when illness or a new baby may keep us out of the garden until too late for annual planting time. Tall perennials in the background, such as delphiniums, may be arranged in interesting groupings rather than in rigid rows. Phlox and tall chrysanthemums make excellent color spots, lifted high on tall stems for background color. Arrange them so that the blooming seasons are well represented throughout the garden, so that in any one season no spot is wholly empty of color. Phlox are generous, long-season bloomers, are fragrant, and can be obtained in a wide variety of colors. Oriental poppies are flamboyant short-season bloomers, but the colors must be carefully studied to prevent any clash that detracts from the whole. The great scarlet ones offend bright pink neighbors, but stand out strikingly against the giant, bushy type of Shasta daisy's shaggy white profusion.

Castle Murphy

AN OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM FOR REST AND BEAUTY

Warren Lee

DAISIES

In front of these, and sometimes weaving "in and out and roundabout," we shall tuck some less tall-growing perennials to thicken the pattern, such as moonlight Anthemis, an ivory-toned everblooming marguerite-like daisy, heliotrope, the several varieties of Shasta daisies, and tall carnation pinks. Get a catalogue, visit your nursery, and familiarize yourself with the many lovely perennials available.

For the foreground we shall choose groupings of low-growing plants with their almost continual bloom—violas and dwarf pinks.

Having a general plan for one side of our garden living room, let us look for particulars. The gorgeous, indispensable peony must be planted in our pattern. Peonies require full sun, so we should plant a few for the center of attraction, one in each bulge of our curved section, away from the shade of the shrubs, and we shall choose name varieties of at least a "nine" rating, or plant only those gifts from fellow gardeners which we have seen in bloom and have found full and large flowered.

Our shadier spots we shall reserve for columbines and other shade-loving plants. If we have one particularly well-shaded area, we might prepare extra rich and spongy soil and plant a bed of tuberous begonias. These beauties are a study in themselves, too intricate to cover in an article aimed only on the plans for an outdoor living room.

To our garden, now mainly perennials, we shall add a few colorful annuals: asters naturalized into the pattern to display their wealth of color among the spent perennials, large ruffled and double petunias to catch the summer sun and show their gratitude in generous bursts of color, and small dwarf petunias to cover an otherwise barren foreground.

Keith Nebeker

REGAL LILY

Castle Murphy

A BORDER OF HARMONIOUS COLOR

ONE essential is still missing from our garden. Come autumn we shall tuck in our bulbs—crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips—stategically placed among the perennials to capture the first fragrance and color of spring, while the perennial plants are just getting their heads sunned and the annuals are maturing their first leaves in the seedbox.

One side of our garden is planned, and we move on to the arbor. We shall plant June roses to embrace the arbor, or we may choose wisteria, ivy, trumpet, lace vines, or Virginia creepers, depending on whether we want a picture of green coolness or a display of color. On either side of the arbor, we shall confine our planting to low-growing specimens, foliage plants to keep the arbor the center of interest.

The third side may be a rose garden, with as many varieties as our hearts and our purses dictate, and we shall curve it around to give the illusion of the other half of the circle, using a grouping of floribunda roses in one gorgeous variety to screen off the driveway, the garage wall, or any open space. We may also choose a few choice irises and tuck them in for May's sake.

In one triangular corner we shall plan to set flagstones for foot-dryness and garden furniture space, where we can spend quiet reading hours, visit, or entertain the whole literature class on a lovely summer afternoon.

Before we buy a plant, however, we must prepare the soil. Gardens are like babies, the better fed they are, the lovelier they look, and the less trouble they give us with various ills. We shall spade well-rotted

barnyard fertilizer and peat moss generously into the soil, and add sand, if the natural soil is too heavy, or add heavier soils, if it is too sandy. We shall pulverize and level it well. We shall buy healthy plants, and we shall feed and water the garden wisely and regularly and learn all we can about plants, soils, and pest controls.

There is magic in a garden, but it is not conjured up by waving a wand. It must be well-planned and made to respond by the vigorous application of spade, hoe, rake, hose, and pruning hooks. Still, magic at any price is wonderful!

For David at Easter

Ouida Johns Pedersen

We turned the south field back to use today . . . .
Your thin-hipped son, in some elusive way,
Resembled you, although folks often said
He favored me. The turning of his head
As he drove harrow discs through the dark soil
May have been all. The cutting blades would toil
Across the earth and back. The churning field
Having lain empty as regret, its bitter yield
Reproaching me, is now fulfilled again.
How fitting that across the winter's pain,
The son you never lived to see has grown
To trace life-giving furrows once your own,
And waves of earth should lift once more to lave
With vital promise, springtime and the grave.

Through a Window

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Nodding blossoms drip perfume
Against a misty windowpane
Robins flute their evening song
Through the listless, tired rain.

Then clouds of snow cling to the trees
That wait in vernal finery;
And snow and blossom blend as one
Till sun-warmth brings reality.

Through a window may be seen
Joy and sorrow side by side—
A kinship this must seem to be
Till windows closed are opened wide.

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Laura M. Hawkes

NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION, LAKE DISTRICT, DULUTH BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY AND DISTRICT AID

Seated, left to right: Ruth J. Peterson, District Aid; Marjorie Gorney, President, Duluth Branch Relief Society.

Standing, left to right: Olga M. Hanson, First Counselor; Velda L. Peterson, Secretary-Treasurer; Elizabeth Blalock, Second Counselor.

The co-operative spirit of this branch is exemplified in the following report: "As another year comes to a close, we pause to take an inventory of our accomplishments. We realize they may seem small to those who belong to the larger organizations, elsewhere, but the benefits that each of our fourteen members has received are very numerous. The Lord has truly blessed us collectively as well as individually. We love our association, each week working together for a great cause in the service of the Lord. We go on to fulfill more fully the supreme purpose of the organization—that of spiritually upbuilding our members, through visiting teaching and strengthening our membership, and through compassionate service."

Laura M. Hawkes is president of the North Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Surelda C. Ralphs

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), CASTLE DALE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY AWARDED PRIZES FOR "FEED BAG" EXHIBIT

This exhibit was awarded first place at the Emery County Fair, and first prize at the Utah State Fair in 1952. As a prize, the Castle Dale Ward Relief Society received an electric Singer sewing machine.

Myrle B. Johansen, President, Castle Dale Ward Relief Society, reports that the organization has ninety-eight members, and "seventy-seven members participated in the contest. One hundred eight articles were entered. They were judged according to variety, originality, workmanship, cleanliness, and method of display. We are proud of this accomplishment and are grateful for the splendid efforts of our work committee and the fine co-operation of our sisters. Hedwig Behling is chairman of the work committee."

Surelda C. Ralphs is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Anona O. Miles

MOON LAKE STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
October 21, 1952

Front row, seated, left to right: Zella Goodrich and Sylvia Goodrich, who have achieved 100 per cent records in visiting teaching for thirty-five years; M. Verona

Winkler, a visiting teacher for forty years; Mina Goodrich, who has made a record of 100 per cent visiting teaching for thirty-five years; Anona O. Miles, Stake President; Lois B. Goodrich, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lydia Hancock, an honored visiting teacher; Agnes Larsen, chorister; Mae Jackson; Alice C. Miles, Secretary-Treasurer; Clara Burton, *Magazine* representative; Loretta Murray, theology class leader; Edith Burton, First Counselor; Elda Pearson, social science class leader; Fannie Hill, literature class leader.

Sister Anona O. Miles, Stake Relief Society President, in commenting upon the accomplishments of the visiting teachers in her stake, remarks: "Considering the distances traveled in our communities, and the hard winters we have, we feel justly proud of these sisters, and also many others who have been very faithful and have made some fine records in our stake."

Photograph submitted by Thora Halgren

SAN DIEGO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) VALENCIA PARK WARD BAZAAR
October 1952

Left to right: Alice Trim, work meeting leader; Sarah Todd, Work Director Counselor.

Special features of this unusually successful bazaar were the many beautifully made dresses for children in various sizes, and the attractive toys. Pillowslips and luncheon sets, as well as many crocheted doilies were also displayed.

Thora Halgren is president of San Diego Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Inez B. Tingey

CACHE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, November 2, 1952

Standing, back of piano, at left: Barbara F. Leatham, chorister; right, Maurine J. Turley, accompanist.

This large chorus consisted of representatives from every ward in the stake, and the music was carefully selected and beautifully presented.

Inez B. Tingey is president of Cache Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lauretta Perry

CEDAR STAKE (UTAH), COLLEGE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOBBY SHOW

The picture shows only a portion of the very successful hobby show. "An idea which evolved from showing the women some of the many arts and crafts that can be made, and to stimulate an interest in learning to do them, resulted in a display equal to that of a small fair. Included in the exhibit were numerous quilts, rugs, afghans, hand-painted pictures, hairpin lace, tatting, machine sewing, embroidery, and all types

of hand-sewn articles. In fact, the display surpassed all of our fondest hopes in its extent, beauty, and array of talent to be found in so small a ward.

"The result has been threefold: 1. The hobby show has stimulated interest in our work meetings. 2. It has given us a record of the women who may be called upon to teach the different arts and crafts. 3. It has given us numerous interesting things to teach in our future work meetings.

"In charge of the show was ArrNita Webb, Work Director Counselor, assisted by a committee consisting of Irissa Nelson, LaVern Esplin, Velta Bentley, and Grace Yergensen."

Afton P. Parry is president of Cedar Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Orah Van Wagoner

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS ELDERLY MEMBERS, September 30, 1952

Seated, left to right: Sylvia Roylance Blair, eighty-four, noted for making beautiful handwork, has served forty-five years as a visiting teacher and quilting chairman; she was greeted by her daughter-in-law, Nadine Roylance. Augusta Sward, ninety-four, eldest member present of the First Ward Relief Society, honored by her daughter, Elna Hixon; Sister Sward has served as a visiting teacher for many years. Mary Buttle, eighty-four, whose history was read by her granddaughter Alair Buttle; Sister Buttle has been counselor and president of Relief Society, each, for two different periods, and has given fifty years of service as a visiting teacher.

Standing, left to right: Martha Jones, eighty-five, honored by Clara Wilson; Sister Jones served as a class leader twenty-two years and many years as a visiting teacher; she is also noted for her beautiful quilts and handwork. Mary A. Allman, eighty-two, whose history was read by her daughter Edna Bowles; Sister Allman served as a visiting teacher for many years.

President Lucile Ahlander was in charge of the social, which consisted of a musical program, a special song composed by Adelene Knight, a reception, and refreshments.

Four elderly sisters were not in attendance: Harriet Carter, eighty-five; Julia Anderson, ninety-one; Petrea Daniels, eighty-four; and Lenore G. Taylor, ninety-five. Fifty-six Relief Society members were present at the social.

Orah Van Wagoner is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice Alldredge

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), LAS VEGAS FIFTH WARD OFFICERS AND SINGING MOTHERS AT OPENING SOCIAL, 1952

Front row, left to right: Dorothy Goshen, *Magazine* representative; Iva May Nullward, organist; Erma Stewart, chorister; Mary Higbee, Secretary-Treasurer; Grace Cox, Second Counselor; Emma Hayes, First Counselor; Anna Stewart, President.

Back row, left to right: Marco Callister, literature class leader; Bernice Pursel; Marion Bunker; Anita DeMille; Mildred Ashworth; Earlene Isom; Ethel Davenport; Mary Ashworth, work meeting leader; Leah Huntsman, social science class leader; Winifred Plewe.

The theme of this delightful opening social was "The Best Things of Life Are Free," and the program was very much enjoyed by a large number of members of this newly created ward.

Alice Alldredge is president of Moapa Stake Relief Society.

Recipe for Chocolate Fudge

Eva Carter

HERE is a recipe for a large batch of chocolate fudge. It is suitable for making candy for Relief Society bazaars, or for any occasion requiring several pounds of candy.

Place in a large bowl:
3 pkgs. chocolate chips
1 pint marshmallow whip
2 tsp. vanilla
Add nuts, if desired

Place in a large pot:
5 cups white sugar
2 cubes butter or margarine
1 tall can milk
dab of salt

Bring the second mixture (in pot) to slow boil and cook for eight minutes. Pour over first mixture (in bowl), stir quickly, and then pour into previously buttered pans. Let stand until cool.

Spring Riddle

Lydia Bennett Egbert

A little wind, a little rain,
The robins winging home again;
Gay streamlets rippling through the glen,
A flood of sunshine now and then;
The crocus budding on the hills,
A row of golden daffodils—
For gardening an eager zest.
My riddle, no, I think you've guessed
Yes, April!

Communique

Iris W. Schow

I rub the soap on Kathryn's palm
With cleanly zeal, but she,
Thinking I clasp her hand from love,
Squeezes right back to me.

Now in her net of clasping hand,
Tossed curls, and lifted eyes,
She captures all my tenderness;
I am her willing prize.

Though many grand and gracious words
Her curly head may yet command,
Will these give her the eloquence
Possessed by her small clasping hand?

Green Interim

Lael W. Hill

The green ferns curl from the skeleton
leaves
All warm with sun;
Only the wintered spirit grieves
With spring begun.

The green ferns rise into warmth and light
Of April dawn—
Only the lost heart seeks a night
Already gone.

TWO PART SACRED CHORUSES *for* RELIEF SOCIETY SINGERS

.....	Beside Still Waters—Hamblen	$ .16
.....	Bless This House—Brahe	.16
.....	Children's Friend—Adams	.15
.....	Father, We Thank Thee—Hurlburt	.20
.....	God Is Ever Beside Me—DeRose	.20
.....	God Painted A Picture—DeRose	.20
.....	It Was For Me—Frisby	.15
.....	On the Highway to Galilee—Dulmage	.15
.....	Rest For the Weary—Hamblen	.18
.....	When Children Pray—Fenner	.18

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Those Yesterdays

Grace M. Candland

AS the twilight of life approaches, we may desire to turn back the pages of time to our earlier years, as we scan the pieces of tapestry we have woven. We may emphasize the mistakes, the disappointments, stress the unfulfilled dreams and plans, and then allow the sly elf of regret to cast its shadow over the whole scene.

This is sheer folly, for we cannot change the past. To brood over it only robs us of that peace of mind that should be ours now, and which can be if we will it to be true, if we live each day as we wish we had lived in past days. We may immerse ourselves in the business at hand and make each day a profitable and pleasant unit of the program we have planned.

Home and family duties were once our chief concern. Many of us had little time for the cultural arts or the wonders of nature just outside our door and beyond. Now, many of those home tasks have been lifted from our shoulders, and we may cultivate a new, clearer vision to watch the glory of a summer sunset, the majesty of a gull in flight, the graceful curve of the plowshare as it turns the brown earth for seedtime, the craftmanship of the oriole's nest, the message of a ripening cornfield, and the beauty of a frosted pane.

These individual and personal appreciations enrich our own lives, but it is the more practical side of life that gives a woman real joy—the chance to serve humanity according to her strength and abilities and according to the opportunities afforded by her environment.

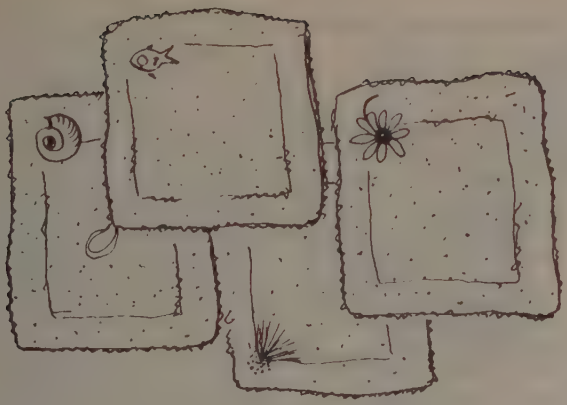
There are countless ways in which an older or middle-aged woman can render valuable help. Her field of service may well reach beyond her own home and family, her personal friends and associates. Her "neighbors," are those who need her and whom she can serve.

One woman made herself indispensable to an aged couple by writing letters for them to their native land, assisting them in business matters which they could not solve. She wrote the story of their lives and prepared genealogical sheets and family records. An hour of reading for an invalid brought a rich reward in gratitude to her. Loaves of homemade bread for the family of a stricken mother won a place in their hearts.

In nearly every community there are young mothers trying to care for their small children without the help or advice of an older woman. "Substitute" mothers and grandmothers would be welcome visitors in many homes, where their experience and their kindness might help to lift some of the burdens that young mothers carry. A voluntary baby tender might occasionally bring needed rest or relaxation to a tired mother kept too close to her numerous responsibilities.

Now, as spring and summer bring their garden gifts to us, there is a wide field for sharing. Someone has asked, "How can there be loneliness or sadness in a garden?" Last summer a neighbor of mine made corsages for all the Relief Society visiting teachers for their convention. The corsages were made of different flowers, as exquisite and perfect in design as those a florist might arrange. A background of matching ribbon completed the lovely creations.

Forever wide is the field of service, unlimited the need for attention and love. And who is better qualified to make others happy than the woman who has known problems and has solved many of them, and whose hands know the ways of tender care?



Bathroom Tricks

MATCHING WASHCLOTHS

Elizabeth Williamson

Embroider washcloths to match design motifs of your bathroom accessories. For example: A small flower motif from the wallpaper, a shell from the shower curtain, a leaf from the drapes. This ties together the design and color scheme of your bathroom, making a more pleasing all-over effect.

Night Fashions

Grace Barker Wilson

Night comes in formal gown
Of chiffon darkness,
Trimmed with silver lace of clouds;
And over all a mantle
Of star-spangled mist.

Plea

Catherine E. Berry

Oh, let the spring come late this year,
I cannot bear to see
The loveliness that April wears
When you're not here with me.
How can I face each twilight's silver glow
The sweet awakening of earth,
When I can never go
Down lilac fragrant lanes and find
You waiting by the gate;
My lonely heart is winter-walled . . . .
Oh, let the spring come late.

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Our April Short Story Writers

Angelyn W. Wadley, Providence, Utah, tells us that "The Bitter Cup," page 221, is pure fiction, "but is an attempt to portray a little of the emotional adjustment of active people who must suddenly learn to live with a physical handicap. It was an attack of polio four years ago which drastically changed the course of my own life and greatly reduced my activity, but this has given me time I would not have had otherwise to make a hobby of writing. I particularly enjoy writing stories and verse for children, since I have such an appreciative young audience at home. My husband, Dr. Bryce N. Wadley, is Associate Plant Pathologist with the Utah State Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah. Before my marriage I was director of homemaking education with the Utah State Department of Education." Several of Mrs. Wadley's stories have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Ruth M. Ostegar, author of "Our Own," page 230, expresses her love for Relief Society and tells us about her writing and her family: "First of all, I love the Relief Society and have served in almost every capacity of it, over the years. At present, I am teaching the theology lessons, which, to me, is the best job of all. When it comes to writing—I have inherited the urge to write from my mother, and I keep plugging along. I was born in Arizona and educated as a schoolteacher. I decided to make marriage a career, however, when I became the wife of Oliver C. Ostegar, who is now F.H.A. Valuator for the Nevada District. Our marriage has been one of great happiness, and we recently fulfilled a full-time mission to Denmark, after which we toured Northern Europe."

Velma D. Cloward, Turlock, California, author of "Pot-Head Kettle," page 241, was born in Kanosh, Utah, where her parents were pioneers of the region. She was married at the age of fifteen and is the mother of seven children and grandmother to twenty. Her life has been beset by many problems, but

crowned with much happiness. "Fifteen years ago," she writes, "my husband was crippled in an accident which has kept him in a wheelchair or on crutches until the last five years. Faced with a crippled husband and a family to support, and being deaf myself, well, it was not easy . . . . We started a store in our home. With his ears and my legs, we made one good clerk. The novel I started long ago as a hobby has been accepted for publication, provided I can revise it to suit the publishers. I expect to have it out this coming year."

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, author of "The Lasting Joys," page 249, is the wife of Reid W. Young, and the mother of four sons, ranging in age, she says, "from a Cub Scout to a toddler." Although she is a comparatively new writer, Mrs. Young is already well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*, who have enjoyed her stories: "We Are So Busy," (March 1949); "That Monson Kid" (April 1950); "A Star Is Shining" (November 1950); "Polly Played for Keeps" (June 1951); "A Vacation for Mother" (July 1951); and "A Tribute to Miss Tracy" (May 1952). Her poem "Shine Softly Stars" was awarded first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest last year, and her poem "Goodbye to Her Son," was awarded second prize in this year's contest. She is an active member of the League of Utah Writers.

Mrs. Young writes: "I love Relief Society, and I teach the social science lessons in our ward (Gardenview) in the East Jordan Stake. I write for the joy it brings me. But if anything I have written has afforded enjoyment or happiness to anyone, I am deeply grateful."

Day Fades

Olive McHugh

Frail flower of dusk,
Wan, yet so softly light,
You tempt my groping hand
To grasp and hold you tight;
But as I reach,
Your beauty to possess,
Color and witchery alike
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From Near and Far

. . . The February *Relief Society Magazine* has refreshed my mind and spirit many times. A school of nursing classmate (who became a member of your Church) sends me the *Magazine* . . . . I read and enjoy its pages a few days, then send it to a young mother in Idaho. In the February issue I am made more universal in heart, looking into the face of the Taos Indian photograph by Hal Rumel. Because I make rugs, I am especially tender towards Ethel Hopper's "My Hearth Rug" (page 88). Thank Grace Sayre for the beauty of her "Old Couple" (page 115). You women know the gracious charm of living in a radiant present. While my name will never be on your ecclesiastical lists, I am always with you in spirit, as you work for better people and a better world.

—Winnogene Penney Harpold
Placerville, California

I would like to express how much I enjoy the *Magazine* and look forward to it every month. There are so many wonderful lessons and stories. I love the beautiful poems.

—Mrs. Dale E. Lincoln
Sunnyvale, California

It is impossible for Relief Society workers not to be friends, *Magazine* workers included. I do enjoy our little *Magazine*. One big reason I do enjoy it so much is because it is small and easy to handle, and not too heavy for a tired, sick person to handle, and therefore enjoy over and over again. I am not particular about which article or story—each is best in its turn, though I do especially enjoy the visits of others on the last page —"From Near and Far." I cannot remember when my mother did not have the *Magazine*. She served as an agent for many years and sent the *Magazine* to me soon after my marriage and I, in turn, made a birthday gift of it to my married daughter. My boys enjoy every issue of the *Magazine*, and to me it is a true friend in a lonely time when I must spend most of my time in bed with a heart ailment.

—Mrs. Thomas Menlove
Payson, Utah

I have received many letters and phone calls regarding my story "The Summer Kitchen" (January 1953), telling me how many memories it brought to people of the things that used to be. I am glad it brought enjoyment and seemed so true, for, while I made up the plot, the pictures were true. I love the *Magazine* and am always happy to read.

—Mary C. Martineau
Pocatello, Idaho

Something nice to pass on. Our boy Jimmy, eleven years old, memorized and recited today before his reading class Sylvia Probst Young's poem "Goodbye to Her Son" (January 1953, second prize poem, page 16). His teacher was so impressed that she had him recite it in five different classes. She stated that it was the most beautiful Lincoln poem she had ever heard. These are my sentiments also. All the teachers requested a copy. Could you please pass this lovely praise and good news on to Sister Young. I'm sure it would make her very happy. Oh, the joy and good things that come to us through *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is priceless. Jimmy is the only Latter-day Saint boy in his school.

—Florence N. Shaffer
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I wish to express the very great pleasure I obtain from reading the *Magazine*. I find many things which give me pleasure and inspiration and the material is a fine source for spiritual talks that all of us are often called upon to make. I hope that I shall be able to bring these fine messages into more homes in our ward through my work as *Magazine* representative.

—Emma Jane Clark
La Crescenta, California

I hate to miss even one of the *Magazine*. It is so wonderful and has been an inspiration to me ever since I joined the Relief Society when I was only twenty years old, forty-four years ago.

—Mrs. Mary C. Evans
Monticello, Utah

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